The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1914.

Summary of the News

The past week has been an active one in the Parliaments of the world. Congress reassembled after its six weeks' recess on Monday, and the President read his address in person on the following day. The Reichstag met on December 2, and the Italian Parliament on December 3. On Monday the Japanese Diet also opened, and during the week it was announced that the French Chambers would reassemble at Paris on December 22. The Portuguese and the Servian Cabinets both resigned on December 5.

A considerable portion of his address to Congress President Wilson devoted to the subject of national defence, particularly in connection with the agitation recently started for an inquiry into the preparedness of the United States for war. With this question we deal elsewhere. For the rest, the legislative programme before the present Congress includes passage of the conservation bills, the bills for ultimate independence of the Philippines, ratification of the London convention for safety at sea, a Government-owned merchant marine, charting the perilous waters of the Alaskan coast, and measures for economy in all branches of the Government.

The most interesting political event of the week was the opening of the Italian Parliament, when the Premier, Signor Salandra, made a statement explaining the situation of Italy, defending the correctness of the course so far pursued, and recommending the maintenance of an attitude of loyal, but "watchful, and armed neutrality." A significant demonstration was made by the Extreme Left when Signor Salandra referred to "the just aspirations of Italy," the phrase being taken to apply to Italian ambitions for the recovery of Trent and Trieste, and another demonstration occurred when a member, before adjournment, proposed that the Chamber send greetings to "heroic and unfortunate Belgium." A vote of confidence in the Government was passed on December 5 by 413 to 49, the dissentients having chiefly expressed dissatisfaction with the military preparedness of the country. Replying to criticisms on this score, Signor Salandra declared that the Italian army and navy were "ready for any event."

A sensational episode in the debate was the reading by ex-Premier Giolitti of telegrams that had passed between himself and the late Marchese di San Giuliano in August last year, showing that Austria at that time had intended to make a declaration of war on Servia, and had consulted Italy as to what her position would be. This correspondence, to which we allude elsewhere, showed that the stand taken by Italy on that occasion was the same as the one adopted by her under present circumstances, a resolution to maintain neutrality, on the ground that no *casus fœderis* existed where one of her allies was the aggressive party. The correspondence also indicated that Italy, in that instance, made representations to Germany to induce her to prevent the contemplated action of Austria.

The general impression left by the debates in the Italian Chamber is that the Italian Government intends to hold loyally by its neutral attitude unless events should occur to force it into belligerency, and that, in adopting this position, it enjoys the overwhelming support of Parliament. At the same time, the tenor of the debate made it clearer than ever on which side Italian sympathies are ranged, and Signor Salandra's grave words concerning the military preparedness of the country and the sacrifices which might have to be borne are not without signficance. That Berlin appreciates the delicacy of the situation is sufficiently indicated by the official confirmation of the report that Prince von Bülow, ex-Chancellor of the German Empire, has been appointed to replace Herr von Flotow as Ambassador to the Quirinal during the latter's absence for three months, on account of ill health. The appointment is assumed to represent a strong effort on the part of Germany to prevent Italy from joining the Allies.

The German Reichstag, at its opening on December 2, voted a new war credit of 5,000,000,000 marks, there being only one dissentient, the Socialist, Dr. Karl Liebknecht. The Imperial Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, in addressing the Chamber, attributed the blame for the war to England, asserting that "the Cabinet at London could have made the war impossible if it had declared at St. Petersburg that England would not allow a Continental war to develop from the Austro-Servian conflict."

In the Balkans the situation remains unchanged. The position of Servia is obviously serious. Belgrade was taken by Austrian troops on December 2, and the Servian army, depleted by its recent losses and by those in its two previous wars, is presumably opposed by forces greatly superior in number. Nevertheless, since the evacuation of the capital, it appears to have made a stand. The danger spot for the cause of the Allies is still Bulgaria. According to reports, and to the probabilities of the situation, Turkey has a considerable body of troops concentrated at Adrianople, and awaits only the acquiescence of Bulgaria to dispatch these through her territory and into Servia. Thence they could be thrown into the fighting in western Europe. In favor of the realization of this plan is Bulgarian rancor towards Servia; against it is the general sympathy of Bulgaria for the Allied cause, and the attitude of Rumania, which appears to grow increasingly favorable to the Allies. It was reported from Athens on Monday, though not on unimpeachable authority, that progress had been made in the direction of an understanding among the Balkan states, and that a basis had been reached for a rapprochement between Bulgaria and Servia. In the meanwhile, Turkey formally proclaimed a "Holy War" against Servia on December 4.

The rebellion in South Africa, abortive from its inception, may presumably be said to have been definitely crushed by the capture of Gen. Christian de Wet on Tuesday of last week. De Wet, whose forces had been dispersed or had deserted him, and the score or so of followers who remained with him, after a long chase, surrendered without resistance at Waterburg, British Bechuanaland. His fate has not yet been decided. By the rules of warfare his life is forfeit, and some of the London press has clamored for his execution as a traitor. Judgment will be left to his South African compatriots, and one may perhaps be permitted to hope that they will find it in their hearts to temper justice with mercy in dealing with the old irreconcilable. Whatever the verdict, it will be a melancholy end for one who once caught the imagination of the world, of friend and foe alike.

A communication was issued on December 6 by the British Foreign Office relative to the attitude of Great Britain towards Belgian neutrality before the war. The communication consisted of the record of a conversation between the British Minister at Brussels and Sir Edward Grey, on April 7, 1913, wherein the former had stated that there was apprehension in Belgium that in case of war Great Britain might be the first to violate Belgian neutrality. Sir Edward Grey's reply was to deny that Great Britain contemplated taking such a course. "For us," he said in part, "to be the first to violate it [neutrality], and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium . . . what we desired in the case of Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and, as long as it is not violated by any other Power, we should certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory."

Not much additional light has been thrown upon the situation in Mexico during the past week. Provisional President Gutierrez made his formal entry into Mexico City on December 3, escorted by the troops of Emiliano Zapata. Gen. Villa was already in the city, and according to dispatches from Mexico City published on Monday, he and Zapata are on the best of terms. At any rate, after a conference, they made public announcement that they would work together, and that each would retire into private life when their work was accomplished. It was also stated that an active campaign against the Carranzista forces would shortly be undertaken by Villa and Zapata acting in conjunction. The civil and military convention will meet next week in Mexico City to approve the proposed plan.

The deaths of the week include: Temple Bowdoin, Earl of Stair, the Rev. Addison Ballard, Henry William Banks Davis, December 2; Earl of Erne, Dr. Alexander Campbell Fraser, Charles P. Sainton, December 3; Congressman Edward A. Merritt, jr., John Chatterton (Signor Perugini), Simon Towne Russell, December 4; Cardinal Angelo di Pietro, Capt. James Hillhouse Perry, U. S. N., Miss Agnes Irwin, December 5; Dr. Albert Charles Peale, December 6; Madison Julius Cawein, December 7.

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The Week

When a history of the Great War as it affected the United States is written fifty years hence, the hysteria of the organizers of safety leagues to prevent our being invaded by the victors in the European struggle will doubtless afford one of the most entertaining chapters. Last week eloquent appeals were made to do something or other to forestall the unloading of 150,000 soldiers on our shores within a week or so after the declaration of war. There were visions of the conquest of Canada by the Germans, from which they would, of course, having disposed of the British and American fleets, calmly walk down the Hudson to Albany and New York. No nation could possibly land 100,000 men here, save after weeks and months of preparation. Probably only England, with her great sea-power, could accomplish this at all. It was shown by a prominent British writer in the war scare of 1909 that to move a force of 200,000 German soldiers to England, with all their guns, ammunition, horses, forage, transport wagons, and food supplies for three weeks, would take every ship in the German merchant marine, including all those in service in Asian and Australian waters, and that the speed of this impossible fleet could not be much over twelve miles an hour. What such an undertaking would be across 3,000 miles of water, any one can figure out from the weeks it took the Japanese to transport their army to Manchuria and for us to send a few thousand men to the Philippines.

In his speech at the opening of the Reichstag, the German Chancellor not only gets miles away from his famous confession of wrong in the violation of Belgium's neutrality, but gets out a brand-new view of the responsibility for the war. He puts the blame upon England, not in the usual way, but because she failed to declare to Russia that she would not allow her to bring on a Continental war in consequence of Austria's ultimatum to Servia. But if this is a valid argument against England—and in our judgment it is not—is it not precisely as just to ask the old question: Why did not the Kaiser notify his subservient ally that he would not permit a Continental war to arise out of her ultimatum to Servia? If there was any responsibility on England whatever to hold Russia in check, there was ten thousand times more responsibility upon Germany to prevent the original firing of the fatal train. The only point, it seems to us, where von Bethmann-Hollweg scores ever so slightly is in his parallel between England's concern for Belgian neutrality and her connivance at Japan's violation of Chinese neutrality.

Highly significant in the proceedings in the Reichstag was the solitary vote cast against the new war loan by Dr. Karl Liebknecht. For some time it has been plain that there was no such unity in Socialist ranks with regard to the war as would be indicated by the unanimous vote of that party in favor of the first war budget last August. Through the press the revolutionary wing of the German Social-Democracy, as represented by Karl Liebknecht, Franz Mehring, Rosa Luxemburg, and Clara Zetkin, have let it be known that they strongly disapprove of the active propaganda carried on in favor of the war and Germany's cause by Socialists like Scheidemann and Südekum. It has been brought out that, while the 110 Socialist votes were cast as a unit last August, this was the result of caucus action. Within the Socialist caucus there was a large faction opposed to voting for the budget. Last year similar caucus action dictated the Socialist vote in favor of the quarter-billion war contribution. Mr. W. E. Walling states in the *Outlook* that in the 1913 caucus there were 51 votes in favor of supporting the war loan and 37 against, so that an actual minority of the Socialist party representation of 110 dictated the party policy. It is now apparent that Dr. Liebknecht has broken with the party leadership and has made himself the spokesman of a discontent with the war which has always existed in Germany, and is now becoming articulate, even as it is becoming articulate among Socialists in England and in Russia.

"The Belgian Government," says M. Havenith, its Minister at Washington, 'has requested that these alleged documents should be published in full. Three months have passed since this alleged discovery, but nothing has appeared." What he refers to is, of course, the documents found in Brussels which the Germans assert are proof that Belgium had surrendered her neutrality to England. That they *do* show anything of the kind, there is not the faintest reason to believe; even according to the German account of their contents, all that the documents prove is that the Belgians had prepared, in consultation with English officers, a scheme of defence against German violation of their territory. Whether this was so or not, M. Havenith does not know; but, he says, "events have shown too clearly, alas! how much such a precaution against Germany's projects would have been timely." It ought to be remembered, in all this, that the plea made by Germany—last reiterated by the Imperial Chancellor in his speech a few days ago—is not only a plea in defence of Germany's conduct, but a charge against Belgium of disgraceful bad faith. To make such a charge without at least a respectable pretence of proving it is monstrous, and really but intensifies the feeling of Germany's guilt in the whole matter.

In the revelation by ex-Premier Giolitti that Austria in 1913 was proposing to make war on Servia, and asked Italy if she would stand by the Triple Alliance, there is great suggestiveness in several different ways. We see clearly, for example, that the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand merely gave the Austrian Government a good excuse for proceeding with a war-like policy against Servia which it had long cherished. It is plain, too, that Italy was already studying carefully the nature of her obligations under the Triple Alliance. She was bound to join Austria and Germany only in case they—or either of them—were attacked. There could be no *casus fœderis* in a deliberate move of Austria against Servia. Italy's straightforward refusal to lend herself to the Austrian plans of 1913 should have been a sufficient notice to her allies that she could not be drawn into their schemes of 1914. The attitude of the Italian Government this year is, by the way, as good a proof as one could ask that Austria and Germany were not, as they alleged, beginning a "defensive" war. Italy located the aggression in Vienna and Berlin. Finally, in the light on the troubled year 1913 which is cast back by Giolitti's statement, we see how fully justified was the continued apprehension of financial Europe. It did not believe that the apparent settlement of the Balkan War meant assured peace; and we can now perceive that it was right.

The French Parliament is to meet in extraordinary session at Paris on the twenty-second. This is not tantamount to a return of the Government from Bordeaux. It is a sign, however, of growing hopefulness and undiminished determination on the part of the French nation. Though France may be justly regarded as the focus of the great conflict, we know less of what is going on in France than in any other of the combatant nations, not even excepting Russia. We have no way of judging the losses she has suffer-

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ed, in the absence of casualty lists. Only hints come out as to the way the very important problem of dealing with the enormous number of refugees is being confronted. It is certain, of course, that France's losses have been very great and that her resources are being taxed to the utmost. But enough has come out to show also that the French are facing the situation with a pluck, a tight-lipped resolution, which is not usually associated with their national character.

Uninterrupted preparations for marking the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent show that the event will be observed with dignity. The war now sweeping Europe, far from diminishing the notice it will attract, gives it clearer relief. Could anything better emphasize the difference between the Canadian-American frontier, along whose 3,800 miles a celebration will be held in every city from Vancouver to the Atlantic, than the smoke and carnage on the Belgian and Polish frontiers? On the 24th of this month the feeling that peace is the greatest of public blessings cannot but be uppermost in every heart. It will not be possible for the appointed delegates to meet that day in Ghent, or for Belgium to take any part in the celebration; but the cataclysm abroad will not interrupt the ceremonies in London, Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, nor, we hope, any of those planned in this country. New York has voted $10,000, and the Governor has appointed a commission; Virginia has passed a law that the event shall be celebrated by the cessation at noon for five minutes of all traffic, labor, and business; Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, and other States have appointed official commissions; Louisiana is to hold a great celebration at New Orleans on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of next month. When we remember that the War of 1812 was connected with the Napoleonic conflicts, to which the present war offers a parallel, there is special point in calling to mind what Premier Borden of Canada calls "the excellent way these two great Powers have found and followed."

Treasury estimates of the expenses of Government during the next fiscal year, sent to Congress on Monday, carry with them a warning to the country that Washington must still be made to feel the necessity for economy. They have been drawn up under departmental injunctions to save on every possible head, and are hailed as expressing the general desire for retrenchment; yet their total of $1,090,775,134 is but $3,392,962 less than the appropriations for the current fiscal year, and about $17,500,000 less than the Treasury estimates for 1915. So recently as 1913 we were spending but $963,738,000, and in 1912 but $965,273,677. Attention will doubtless be centred on the rivers and harbors appropriations, for which an outlay of over $53,000,000 is recommended. Senator Ransdell and his associates have announced their purpose of fighting for at least $45,000,000, to be spent in the same wasteful way as formerly. Public sentiment in this matter is to-day unequivocal, and it is probable that attempts at "log-rolling" will only intensify the demand for minimum appropriations until some such body as the proposed Newlands Commission can be formed. There is promise that everywhere President Wilson will use his influence for economy—for genuine economy, that is, and not for the false economy that cuts into needed expenditures.

The Colonel must be delighted with his latest recruit. Senator Penrose gives his warmest approval to Mr. Roosevelt's violent assault upon the Mexican policy of President Wilson. The Pennsylvania Senator states that he has not been able to agree with Roosevelt in many positions, but that in this business the Colonel is a man after his own heart. The reason is plain. Political reforms and chatter about social justice only fill Penrose with disgust; but since many Pennsylvanians have "large interests" in Mexico, which might be enhanced in value if we were to seize Mexican territory, he is naturally for as vigorous and aggressive steps as any that the Colonel advocates. The significant event, however, is this getting together of Penrose and Roosevelt on the issue of intervention in Mexico. May we not soon see them locking arms under the banner of a thundering army and an invincible navy, and singing in lovely unison "Onward, Christian Soldiers"?

Gifford Pinchot's voice is still for war. Others may debate the desirability of going into the campaign of 1916, but he does not propose to "abandon the 270,000 voters who gave me their suffrages in the last election." In this respect he is different from most of his fellow-Progressive candidates, who found themselves abandoned by their quondam supporters. Nor can many candidates afford to go on spending fifty thousand dollars per campaign, as Mr. Pinchot confesses to having done. Penrose, as he says, doubtless spent more than that. These expenditures were in spite of the law limiting Senatorial candidates to ten thousand dollars for expenses, but as the law excepts "necessary personal expenses," which include travelling and printing, money is still able to talk loudly in a fight ostensibly at least between principles. There have been murmurings that the Progressive General Staff was too much of a millionaires' club; certainly, the party has failed to capture the labor vote, despite its social-justice slogan and the presence in its ranks of prominent social workers. But what could it hope to do without its Pinchots and its Perkinses? If only for the sake of the picturesque element they bring to our politics, one hopes that they will decide to keep the mimic war going a while longer.

A bulletin issued by the Census Bureau on the Chinese and Japanese in the United States supplies for the analysis of the yellow menace some wholly new figures regarding the agricultural situation. It appears that in 1910 the total number of farms operated by the Chinese was 760, and by the Japanese 2,502—the land in the Chinese farms totalling 52,041 acres, and that in the Japanese 157,259 acres. It is further stated that "only 57 of the Chinese farms and only 257 of the Japanese farms were operated by owners, the majority of the Chinese and Japanese engaged in agriculture being cash tenants." Figures of this same purport were made public by various authorities in 1912 and 1913, but the Federal Government has heretofore published only the total number of Chinese and Japanese farmers. As the Census Bureau states that these farms are scattered through eleven States, it is plain that the dangers of alien land-ownership are not great. The Bureau's figures on the marital condition of the two races also suggest that most of the land is held by single men, and that the amount of land whose tenure will be kept in Chinese or Japanese hands by inheritance might be limited by that fact. There are fourteen times as many Chinese men as women in the United States, seven times as many Japanese; and of the 72,000 Japanese in this country, considerably less than one-third the adults are married.

The New York *World's* statement of the case against Minister Sullivan in Santo Domingo is bound to raise anew the question of his fitness. It seems incredible that these details of the Minister's relationships could have been known and considered in the State Department, prior to the Minister's recent whitewashing. By this we do not mean to pass judgment upon the *World's* particular charges. We merely point out

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again that the appointment of Mr. Sullivan, when competent, trained men of many years of service were being turned out of the diplomatic corps, was a wrong to the service and the grossest injustice to the Santo Domingans. Surely, we owed them something better than a press-agent for a prize-fighter and counsel for the notorious "Jack" Rose, a man all of whose associations and relationships in New York city stamp him as the last one who should be put into a position to represent the United States. There are plenty of men here a hundred-fold more competent and worthy, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Bryan did not send a fit representative to deal with the extremely delicate situation in Santo Domingo.

Besides its opinion on the Jim Crow question, the Supreme Court last week gave another that seriously concerns the civil rights of negroes in some of the Southern States. The particular case arose out of that peculiar system under which, in lieu of the ordinary form of punishment for a criminal offence, by fine or imprisonment, the offender is virtually placed in a state of peonage. The practice consists in permitting a planter to become surety for a negro condemned to pay a fine for some petty offence, the negro contracting to reimburse the planter by a long term of service, the breaking of this contract being itself treated as a crime and subjecting him to fresh arrest and punishment. Justice Day, in handing down the opinion of the Court, drew a clear distinction between the "involuntary servitude" imposed by the State as "a punishment for crime" which is contemplated in the Thirteenth Amendment, and this kind of involuntary servitude of which the duration and character are practically beyond the State's control. "This system," says the Court, "is in violation of rights intended to be secured by the Thirteenth Amendment," and of laws enacted by Congress in pursuance of that amendment. There is, moreover, in this matter, no reason why any intelligent Southerner should desire to countenance an evasion of the Constitution. Quite apart from any question of right, the thing is sordid, barbarous, and demoralizing.

The first meeting of the City Managers' Association, held last week in Ohio, might be supposed to emphasize the parent-and-child relation between the commission and the city-manager forms. If it has done so, it is in no filial way. There was more than a hint in its three days' session that the city manager was often a product of inherent defects in the older plan. It was shown that in six months, April to November, the number of city managers in the United States has increased from 13 to 22; and that in many cases the office was created by cities previously under a commission. The trouble was the failure of the commissioners to coöperate, and the inability of the city to get centralized administration and responsibility out of a five-member or seven-member board. Thus Houston, Texas, has recently made the Mayor a virtual city manager, vastly increasing his powers at the expense of the city commissioners. The dissatisfaction of Cadillac, Mich., with a jangling board recently led, as the city manager explained, to the board's recall. In the November *Political Science Review* we find this objection put in extreme terms by the director of the Texas Bureau of Municipal Reference and Research, who concludes that "the superiority of the city-manager plan" over the commission form must be as quickly recognized as was the latter's superiority "over the old mayor and council form." Evidently, cities contemplating the first innovation should look before they leap to see whether the second is not involved in it.

Summing up the most salient results of an extensive tabulation of suicide statistics for 100 American cities, in the New York insurance journal, the *Spectator*, Frederick L. Hoffman says that the maximum rate per 100,000 inhabitants was reached in 1908, since which time there has been a steady decline each year. The rate for 1913, which was 18.7, is the lowest since 1903, with the exception of the year 1906. As one is accustomed to think of the suicide rate as increasing, the world over, this is a welcome showing. When Mr. Hoffman proceeds to draw a conclusion from it in regard to general conditions, we feel that he is going beyond what his basis warrants:

> A diminishing suicide rate may be safely assumed to reflect in a general way an improvement in the social and economic condition of the country, and in this respect the evidence available is quite conclusive that the year 1913 was one of widely diffused prosperity.

Not *quite* conclusive certainly; for we note that in the three years of extreme business depression, 1894-96, the rate was 15.2, 15.2, 15.7, while in the six years of business prosperity, 1899-1904, it ranged from 16.0 to 20.1. However, Mr. Hoffman's conclusion is incomparably better warranted than the sweeping one drawn by the late Alfred Russel Wallace from the statistics of the suicide rate. Its increase in recent times was one of the three things upon which alone, so far as specific data are concerned, he relied for confirmation of his sweeping conclusion that mankind has made no moral progress since the days of the pyramid-builders.

President Hadley's "less obvious, but more fundamental" objection to the suggestion of an additional college at Yale is, we fear, reactionary. "We want," he asserts, "a more intellectual atmosphere among the students as an immediate essential for making Yale what it should be." And again: "We are not offered anything" in the new plan "that will give intellectual stimulus." It will strike persons of progressive leanings that President Hadley is a bit fond of the word "intellectual." Even a university, of course, will not be injured beyond repair by a modicum of intellectuality. Some of our colleges, perhaps, might be able to stand more of this element. But upon the attitude of others, we fear, President Hadley's "intellectual stimulus" would have very much the effect of the introduction of a foreign substance in the eye. There is one standpoint from which his policy is defensible. We have too little respect for relics in this country. Progress means with us, not only proceeding, but also obliterating the past as we proceed. For the sake of the museums of the future, any university with an "intellectual atmosphere" ought to be preserved. Of course, if it can be preserved alive, as President Hadley is so hopeful as to think, by all means let this be done.

South America was no doubt badly hit by the war. Scattered items have been published, such as the fact that 14,000,000 of Brazil's 17,000,000 bags of coffee must be stored at home. A comprehensive statement that came last week from Argentina in President de la Plaza's special message shows that in his country, at least, the financial storm can easily be weathered. The estimated deficit is nearly 27,000,000 pesos. This can be taken care of by careful economy. New offices created last year will not be filled; all public works not urgent will be postponed. A special commission has for some time been studying administration in Argentina, and its work can be utilized. The fact that the republic has a large income from state industries, railways, and leased lands decreases the mportance of customs duties in the budget. As the total yearly expenditure of Argentina has been about 420,000,000 pesos, a saving of 30,000,000 would be equal to one of nearly $50,000,000 in the United States.

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A TRUE AMERICAN VOICE.

The one part of the President's message to Congress upon which every reader of it will eagerly fix is that dealing with the questions of national defence, and of the duties of this country growing out of the European war. Mr. Wilson discusses other matters. He makes certain recommendations which will be the subject of controversy. But they will be overlooked to-day. Everything will be for the moment forgotten except the passages of his address in which he sets forth his conception of the correct military policy of the United States. The President had already briefly informed Representative Gardner that he was opposed to the special inquiry into our preparedness for war. Before Congress on Tuesday he went into the whole subject.

Mr. Gardner had expressed the fear that the President would lay "the cold hand of death" upon his pet project. But all that Mr. Wilson lays upon it is the cold hand of reason. Of that, Gardner has much more cause to be afraid than of death. So have the people vaguely excited about the asserted helplessness of the country to defend itself. To them all the President says, "Come and let us reason together." His discussion of national defence is eminently reasonable, looking before and after. The possibility of disarmament he does not even refer to. He merely affirms that we have had a consistent American military policy, purely defensive in motive; that the navy and the army have not been, as rashly alleged, neglected; that a normal and moderate increase in the strength of both is to be expected and, indeed, is planned for; and that nothing in the situation growing out of the European war should cause us nervous apprehension or lead to a panicky change of our historic policy.

President Wilson's calm assertion is that "no one who speaks counsel based on fact or drawn from a just and candid interpretation of realities can say that there is a reason to fear that from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened." This is his answer to the horrid imaginings which have affrighted the soul of Congressman Gardner. Significantly, this answer is accepted as accurate by a man who, on general principles, favors a comprehensive inquiry into our military expenditures. In them Professor Emery of Yale believes that there has been much lack of coördination and waste; and would like to have a "quiet consideration" of all these matters. But he is as much averse as the President is to losing our self-possession, or to countenancing a "panicky movement" of any kind. And he adds, in strong confirmation of the President:

> I am not one of those who believe that the present European war has increased our own dangers of attack from outside. On the contrary, I believe just the opposite. Whichever side wins in this great conflict, the result will mean such an exhaustion of resources, such a weariness of war, that no member of either side is likely to attack us for years to come.

We have placed these considerations first, because they come first strategically. The President is not content with merely setting his face negatively against impulsive efforts to commit this nation to a vast though indefinite war-like policy. He shows what has been done, and what we may reasonably expect will be done, in attending to due measures of national defence. It is a part of the work of Government which, he says, must not be neglected, and has not been. He is careful to guard against misconception. Because he declines to throw himself into the arms of the flustered extremists, they must not say that he is indifferent to this or any other demonstrated need of the nation. All this is unquestionably sound tactics and good politics. It will make it much easier for the Democrats in Congress to stand with the President. Already, in fact, they are beginning to carry the war into the Republican camp. "You say that we have no navy fit to put to sea, and that our army is a broken reed. Then what have you done with the billions of money of which your party has had the spending for the military forces?"

It is, however, when President Wilson speaks of the ancient hopes and the true destiny of the American people that he is most effective. It is hard to read his moving re-statement of old truths without a gladdening of the heart. Praise falls away from the fine eloquence of this part of the President's address, with the feeling that there is nothing to do but to urge everybody to read it and lay it to heart. It is the true American voice. Mr. Wilson declares that he has tried to find out what the mass of the plain people are really thinking and feeling and hoping. There can be no doubt that he has come nearer doing it than have the clamorers for war and for mighty preparations for war. Defence? Yes, if necessary. But we are not to conjure up vague fears. Thoughts of aggression we are to put far from us. Conquest of other lands is as much ruled out as conquest of our own. We are to give the old ideal America a free course to run and be glorified. All this is magnificently put by the President. And he rises to great power when he points out the criminal folly of doing anything at this time to destroy the splendid opportunity which may soon be ours to help the world to peace and healing. As for our national defences, we may all feel that we have one mighty bulwark—a President who has met the crisis with poise and energy, and who defends us against those of our own citizens who forget the true grandeur of this nation. As the President says:

> To develop our life and our resources; to supply our own people, and the people of the world as their need arises, from the abundant plenty of our fields and our marts of trade; to enrich the commerce of our own States and of the world with the products of our mines, our farms, and our factories, with the creations of our thought and the fruits of our character—this is what will hold our attention and our enthusiasm steadily, now and in the years to come, as we strive to show in our life as a nation what liberty and the inspirations of an emancipated spirit may do for men and for societies, for individuals, for States, and for mankind.

THE CROWN PRINCE ON THE WAR.

The defence made by Germans against the charge that on their country lies the responsibility for having brought on this war has taken two forms. Some insist that the Kaiser and his Government made every effort to prevent the collision, and that they were thwarted by the bellicose acts of Russia, or by the deceitful diplomacy of England. By others, all the emphasis has been laid upon the situation in which Germany found herself: shut in by an iron ring of foes, through which she had to break by force of arms, war was her only recourse if she was to remain a great nation.

Both pleas have been used by one and the same person in one and the same utterance, though it is hard to make them go together. No such attempt is visible in the words of the Crown Prince. When at the outset he declares that "this whole business" is "senseless, unnecessary, and uncalled for, but Germany had no choice in the matter," it might be possible to understand these words, taken by themselves, as meaning that, in the critical days of the last week of July, Germany had done all in her power to prevent the war—a contention which, as we have more than once set forth, is completely disposed of by patent facts. But this is not in the least what the Crown Prince means. Germany's justification in the war, Germany's right to say that the war was forced upon her, does not rest, in the Crown Prince's mind, upon any details of the events of four months ago. What he talks of is the iron ring; "we foresaw, and as far as possible forestalled, the attempt to crush us within this ring."

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And he goes farther. Speaking not only for himself, but for the whole German people, he lays down a view of the "iron ring" which goes beyond the wildest assertions as to its nature that we have seen emanating from any responsible source. "No power on earth," he declares, "will ever be able to convince our people that this war was not engineered solely and wholly with a view to crushing the German people, their Government, their institutions, and all that they hold dear."

Concerning the attitude of the Triple Entente towards Germany, there is ample room for diversity of judgment. That it was natural for her to feel aggrieved at being balked in the oversea ambitions which she cherished, nearly every one will admit; though to what extent even this degree of hostility to her on the part of her neighbors was due to resentment and suspicion caused by her own militarism is a question that cannot be ignored. Between this grievance, however, and that terrible "iron ring" of which we hear so much there is a great gap. That the two things look like one to the German imperialist mind is itself an illustration of the way in which a nation, no less than an individual, may gradually become the victim of an overmastering obsession; and when it comes to a belief that what the Triple Entente all along was after was to "crush the German people, their Government, their institutions, and all that they hold dear," we pass beyond the region of obsession and arrive at that of pure hallucination.

How a mind filled with the imperialist ideal and imbued with the militarist spirit passes from the realm of sober reality to that of vague and grandiose visions can hardly be better illustrated than by comparing this statement of the Crown Prince with what he was in the habit of saying before the war. It happens that, in the July number of the leading Austrian magazine, the *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, the principal article was upon the Crown Prince as the exponent of German imperialism. Here we find his well-known glorification of war, his proud consciousness of the martial tradition of his race, his conviction that only by the maintenance of that tradition can Germany remain a great and noble nation. But not a word about any danger that the German people may be crushed, or their institutions destroyed. Not defence against a foe threatening her life, but quite a different *motif* runs through all his exaltation of preparedness for war and of joy in battle. "The German Empire," he said in a famous outgiving a few years ago, "has, more than any other of the peoples of our old earth, the sacred duty to maintain her army and her navy always at the highest point of readiness to strike. Only so, relying on our good sword, can we obtain the place in the sun which is our due, but is not voluntarily conceded to us." Expansion, not self-preservation, was then the sufficient ground for Germany's readiness to fight; and nothing could be plainer from the whole tenor of the Crown Prince's thought, as shown in the *Rundschau's* approving article, than that he and his fellow-imperialists looked upon war as not only the natural, but the desirable, means of giving expression to the nation's aspirations.

It is not necessary to suppose that the Crown Prince is a man who delights in slaughter or is unmoved by the sight of suffering. The world's quarrel with him and his kind is not a personal one; to the millions laid low by this war it matters little whether he is a Prince Charming or a Bluebeard. What affects the world is not his personal merits or defects, but that attitude towards the world's deepest and most vital concerns which he and those who stand with him represent. "There is no war party in Germany now, and there never has been," he says; and the more sincere he is in saying it, the more hopeless is the gulf that separates him from what, here in America at least, we still fondly think of as the spirit of our age. There *is* a war party here—a small one, to be sure; there *is* a war party in France, in England; if the Crown Prince can think that there is no war party in Germany, it can only be because he imagines that his own love of war is shared by the whole German people. If a whole nation regards war as its chief interest there can, of course, be no war party. But the Crown Prince is mistaken. The splendid devotion the German people have shown at the call to arms is no proof that the gospel of militarism had been accepted by the whole nation; it is proof only that there is no sacrifice which they are not glad to make in the service of their country. When the war is over, and not until then, will the German people have an opportunity to think, and to speak their thoughts, on the militarist obsession which is costing them, and all the world, so dear.

ADMIRAL MAHAN.

Admiral Mahan was not at all a prophet without honor in his own country, yet it is undoubted that his first great fame was won abroad, and that it always remained higher in Europe than at home. The feeling tributes to him by the English press are an indication of the esteem in which he was held in England. The reason lies on the surface. Admiral Mahan had the singular good fortune of being able to interpret English history to Englishmen. They had done great deeds; he first made them understand the full significance of what they had done. As a piece of philosophical historical writing, his book on Sea Power will long hold its high repute. It meant far more to England than, for example, Motley's histories did to the Dutch. For Mahan was not merely a delver in the archives and a collector of facts—his style was much less brilliant than Motley's—but had the insight and the grasp to wrest the core of truth out of the period of which he wrote. This came almost with the force of a revelation to the nation with whose history he was dealing. As Englishmen read his lucid and masterly account of the way in which Nelson was the chief throttler of Napoleon, and saw that their safety had really been secured by the lonely vigils as well as the fighting of British sailors, storm-tossed for years from the Nile to the Baltic, their hearts burned within them. And they continued to sit at the feet of Admiral Mahan as their wisest teacher about these critical events in their past.

No such vivid national interest for his own countrymen attached to Admiral Mahan's writings. This would account for their comparative lack of appreciation, or at least of popularity, here. Nor can it be said that his gifts for narrative or for literary expression were such as to draw the general reader to his works. His style was, indeed, well fitted to the task he set himself. It was clear, though not picturesque, and was of cumulative weight. To get the real impact of his argument you had to have a patience and a comprehensiveness something like his own in marshalling facts and compelling them to yield their true meaning. His conception was original and powerful, but it took time and iteration to work it out. So there is little movement or glow in his pages, though one comes occasionally upon a passage of appealing eloquence. And it is to be observed also that Admiral Mahan became increasingly abstract, almost metaphysical, in his later writings. This is no reproach to a writer who was dealing with such theses as his. An argument may be a very good one even if subtle and deeply pondered. But it is not the kind of argument that takes hold of the popular imagination. Voltaire has something about the "big" books never being the ones to set a nation on fire; it being always the little books, packed with emotion, aflame with passion, that do the business. Admiral Mahan's writings, distin-

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guished as they are, influential as they have been, could never be ranked, in this kind of effect, with those of Rousseau or even of Tom Paine.

In Admiral Mahan's later years, after his retirement from active service, he held a unique position and exhibited a strange blending of qualities. He got to be a sort of transcendental apostle of war. In this, we do not doubt, he was perfectly sincere. He was a man of deep religious faith, often prominent in church gatherings. But somehow his piety got mixed up with his naval formulas in a way often to jar upon a sensitive mind. In point of fact, Admiral Mahan was about the nearest type we had to the German glorifiers of war on high and mystic grounds. We do not mean that he was a belligerent or aggressive man; at heart he loved peace, unquestionably. But somehow his long brooding over the clash of national wills and the enginery of war inclined his mind to see in ships and guns the peculiarly chosen instruments of the Divine purposes. This lent a fervor and an appearance of moral elevation to his arguments for mighty armaments, but could not cover up the "double nature" which he came to exhibit—the devout Christian and the eager naval strategist.

Some have spoken of Admiral Mahan's death as untimely. If we could but have had his critique of the present war, of all the operations of which at sea he was a close student, till his health broke! He lived long enough, however, to see his theories of sea power impressively vindicated. He might not have been content with the work of the British navy up to the present, but he could have pointed to the fact that it was successfully discharging its old and chief function—holding the command of the sea, keeping commerce flowing freely to English ports while shutting it off from the enemy's country, and standing ready to repel any attack on the sea-walls of England.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF DIPLOMACY.

It cannot be said that this has been a banner year for diplomacy. As an insurance against war, it has been as ghastly a failure as has invincible armament. If a diplomatic negotiation was ever more shockingly mishandled than that leading up to the European combat, we do not know where to look for its record. With the general outside opinion that the most glaring faults were committed by the German diplomats, many Germans agree—at least in private. If the report, a few days ago, from Berlin had been true—as, of course, it was not—that the Kaiser had notified some of his diplomatic agents that they were at liberty to seek another career, it would have only expressed, in a heightened way, the feeling which has frequently been intimated in German publications, that Bismarck would never have permitted Germany to go to war against such a combination of great Powers. Nor are those who were in charge of the foreign policy of the other nations to be held blameless. All told, the high function of diplomacy in keeping the peace was miserably discharged. If Coleridge had lived to see the exhibition, he would have put added emphasis into his exclamation, "Your art diplomatic is stuff!"

But there is a brighter side to the story. It is one of which Americans are agreeably reminded by the return home of Ambassador Herrick. What we mean is, of course, the great opportunity which has come to our Ministers and Ambassadors abroad to do humane work, and at once to heighten the prestige of the American diplomatic service and create a feeling of marked respect and friendliness for our country. Mr. Herrick brings back with him a reputation for quiet efficiency in Paris, at a time of great emergency and confusion, full worthy to be compared with that of Minister Washburn in 1870. And the private and public testimony which has come across the water in praise of the work of Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, of Penfield in Vienna, of the two Pages, one in London and one in Rome, of Brand Whitlock in Belgium, of Dr. van Dyke in Holland, and in these last few days of Ambassador Morgenthau in Constantinople, is something in which Americans may legitimately take pride. Diplomacy, after all, must have some life and some grace in it if it is able thus to relieve some of the suffering caused by war and to strengthen international friendships even while the belligerents are tearing at each other's throats.

It is a particular piece of good fortune that American good offices have been put at the disposal of Japan in the course of this war, and that the Japanese Government is duly grateful for what an American Ambassador has been able to do for its subjects in an enemy's country. The *Japan Times* of November 4 devotes an entire article to this subject. It recounts the fact that the Japanese Ambassador in Italy, Baron Hayashi, had telegraphed home an appreciative account of the labors of Mr. Gerard in behalf of Japanese caught by the war in Germany. Those who were detained received friendly oversight, and some were aided to reach Switzerland. At last accounts, it was believed that all the civilian Japanese in German territory had been, through Ambassador Gerard's friendly and persistent representations to the German Government, permitted to leave the country. Speaking for the Japanese people, the *Japan Times* declares: "This is a great debt we owe to the United States."

To have been able to render this service to Japan ought to be a peculiar gratification to Americans. Our public relations with Japan have not been marked by the finest delicacy on our part. A polite and sensitive people themselves, the Japanese have often thought they were treated with scant consideration by Americans. This is notoriously true of a portion of our press and people; it is also true in a degree of our official attitude. The Japanese have given many proofs of their desire to be on friendly terms with us—always, to be sure, consistent with their ideas of national dignity. They have often gone out of their way to show special favors to Americans, as when the Mikado recently gave a sum of money—$25,000, if we remember—to an American hospital in Japan. But such gracious advances have either been on our part rudely received or coolly ignored. We have acted as if the Japanese were only giving us our due, while we were under no obligation to them whatever. And travellers in Japan tell us that this conduct, of which as a nation we have too frequently been guilty, has left its hurt in the Japanese consciousness. All the more significant and welcome, then, is this public service which American diplomacy has been able to do the Japanese. Their grateful thanks should prompt us, on our side, to look to the courtesies of international dealing more carefully than we have been wont to do in the case of Japan.

The whole record of the work of American diplomats during the past four months should help us to a better notion of their duties and of their usefulness. The business is not all ceremony and convention. A human heart beats under the official coat. Nor are we to think of diplomacy as taken up with causes of friction—with protests and ultimatums. In the light of what has happened, we can see its possibilities in the service of humanity and in strengthening the ties that bind nations together. It was a great opportunity which the war placed before our Ministers and Ambassadors in Europe, and the manly and spirited way in which they have risen to its full height is something in which we can all take honest satisfaction.

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Chronicle of the War

The indications to which we referred last week that the time has come for the assumption of a vigorous offensive by the French and British troops in France and Belgium appear to have been confirmed by the events of the past few days. At both ends of the long line, in Flanders and in Alsace-Lorraine, an offensive movement has been undertaken. The motives that have decided Gen. Joffre to abandon his Scipionic strategy are to be looked for in the recent development of the campaign in Poland. The time has come for the French and British to return the courtesy extended to them by Russia in the early stages of the war when the hazardous invasion of East Prussia was undertaken. That adventure was disastrous to the army that engaged in it, resulting in the catastrophe in the Mazuran Lake region, but it succeeded in its immediate purpose, which was to ease the strain upon the Allies in the west. Full credit has perhaps not been given to the loyalty of Russia to her allies in thus embarking on an isolated adventure, based on no general strategic plan, and foredoomed almost from the first to disaster, in order to assist the common cause.

It now becomes the task of the Allies to repay the service, of incalculable value at a most critical moment, which Russia rendered them at the beginning of the war. Whatever the issue of the fighting in Poland, an offensive movement in the west would seem to be recommended by the general situation. If Russia wins the battles now in progress, and succeeds in rolling back the tide of Germany's invasion to the frontier, her task of pursuit and her invasion of Posen and Silesia will be rendered the easier if a vigorous offensive on the western line of battle prohibits the sending of first-line German reinforcements to the east, and at the same time the offensive of the Allies will be facilitated by Russian success. If, on the other hand, the result of the fighting in Poland is unfavorable to Russia, if her armies must again be withdrawn from East Prussia and from before Cracow, in order to straighten out a defensive front from the East Prussian border to Warsaw and along the Vistula, then the necessity for the Allies to press a vigorous offensive becomes even more imperative. As the Russian offensive at the beginning of the war relieved the pressure on the Allies, so should the Allied offensive now, if the Russians should be beaten, weaken the full force of the German attack in the east, and allow the defeated troops time to recuperate.

We explained last week the indications that have appeared to mark the beginning of the Allied offensive, but we omitted to mention one consideration which has been much emphasized during the past few days in the French official dispatches: that is the superiority that is asserted for the artillery of the Allies over that of the Germans. Hitherto the advantage in this branch of equipment has been all on the German side. It was notorious, as we have pointed out previously, that France entered the war unprepared. The deficiency in her equipment, particularly in guns of heavy calibre, if we may judge from recent dispatches, appears now to have been made good, and we may accept the statement that in artillery an equality with, if not a superiority over, that of the enemy has been established. In this connection we may draw attention to the interesting *Bulletin des Armées,* reviewing the military operations since the outbreak of the war up to December 1, portions of which were cabled to American papers last Saturday. Of the artillery, the *Bulletin* says: "Our supplies of artillery and ammunition have been largely increased. The heavy artillery, which we lacked, has been organized and is working well." The numbers of the French army are stated to be the same as they were on August 2, and the quality of the troops, it is pointed out, has improved vastly. The *Bulletin* is especially frank in speaking of the early mistakes of the war. "The higher command," it says, "renewed on account of necessary dismissals, has not committed during the past three months any of those faults noted and punished in August."

That the Allied offensive should be initiated not along the whole line, but on the two wings, is a strategy dictated by sound and obvious reasons. On the centre, not only are German intrenchments strongest, but there is the nearest point to Paris. An unsuccessful offensive followed by a retreat would bring the Germans back to the Marne and again in uncomfortable proximity to the capital. The natural lines of attack are plainly on the two wings. On the left are the British, with an especial interest in the coast line and the port of Ostend, and there, too, they will have the advantage of the cooperation of the navy, which has already proved so effective in defence. On the right wing along the line of forts, Verdun, Toul, Nancy, the French have kept constantly concentrated a strong force, which has not only been able successfully to repel repeated German attacks, but has crept slowly forward in the direction of Metz. Here, too, the French are on the borders of the enemy's country, and will have the advantage of invading a district where the population is friendly to them.

In Alsace some progress was reported during the past week, for names come into the dispatches that were familiar in the first two weeks of the war in connection with the disastrous adventure into the lost provinces. We hear of the capture of positions southwest of Thann and of the presence of French troops in the neighborhood of Altkirch. At the other end of the line slight progress is reported on the line of the Yser, on the left bank of which, however, the Germans still hold a few intrenchments, and in the triangle formed by Dixmude, Ypres, and Roulers. The Germans are apparently making preparations to meet an expected bombardment by warships at Zeebrugge, nine miles along the coast above Ostend, and three miles north of Bruges. It would be interesting to speculate on the possibility of a flank attack being launched from the sea at this point. Elsewhere on the line the most definite progress has been made west of Bethune, where the village of Vermelles, the centre of a network of roads and commanding a railway, has been taken. This represents an advance of some five miles.

Following the premature and unofficial news of sweeping Russian victories in northern Poland comes the bare statement from Berlin that German forces occupied Lodz on Sunday. This news is undoubtedly accurate, and is confirmed by a statement from Petrograd on Tuesday declaring that the question of the defence of Lodz has "lost its urgency." This lengthy statement covers the operations of the campaign from the beginning of November to December 5. Neither from Berlin nor from Petrograd have we, as we write, any light on the immediate sequence of events that led up to the capture of Lodz or upon the results of the occupation. We may assume, however, that the renewed German offensive is directed first of all against Pietrkow, the occupation of which would secure the domination of the railway from Warsaw to Czenstochowa, and would imperil the integrity of the Russian line. The plan of the Germans is doubtless to cut the line at Pietrkow, in which case either the Russian forces in Galicia would be compelled to fall back from before Cracow or they would be exposed to a flank attack and possible envelopment. To what extent the Russian position at Pietrkow is threatened by the defeat at Lodz it is impossible without further information to say, but Berlin comments temper their rejoicing with the warning that only by an extremely vigorous pursuit can the victory be consummated. It is probably safe to assume, therefore, that the Russians have retired on a strong defensive line, especially in view of the fact that we have no hint of any withdrawal of their forces from the region of Cracow. So long as they can hold the centre and keep the wings thrown forward in Galicia and in East Prussia the Russian position may be considered as favorable, and the main purpose of the German aggression in Poland to have failed.

The Russian official statement to which we have alluded, though somewhat confusing in parts, enables us to gain a fairly clear idea of recent operations in Poland, from the German retreat from in front of Warsaw to the days immediately preceding the battle at Lodz. The Germans apparently retreated in a southwesterly direction on a line stretching from the River Warthe to the Nidzitsa. Arrived at their own frontier, they made use of the strategic railways to rush the retreating troops northward, and concentrate them on a line between Thorn and Slupca. The Russian line we may imagine as pursuing in a southwesterly direction, with its right thrown out to and resting on the Vistula. Against this right the Germans launched their counter-offensive, driving it back and winning victories at Wloclawek and Kutno. This involved the retreat of the whole Russian line, and the German centre, ignoring the Russian right wing, which had by this time made a stand, pressed on, cut the Russian centre by desperate efforts, and advanced in the direction of Strykow and Tuszyn. Here for a time was the most dangerous situation for the Russians, which by tremendous exertions they converted to one equally dangerous for the German centre. Strykow and Brzeziny were retaken, reinforcements apparently came from the neighborhood of Pietrkow, and the German centre was all but encircled on the Lodz-Zdunskawola front, but succeeded in cutting its way out and re-forming the line for a renewed offensive.

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Foreign Correspondence

THE NEW PONTIFICATE—INDICATIONS OF A CHANGE IN POLICY.

ROME, November 14.

(Delayed in transmission.)

Italian newspapers have so far contented themselves with registering the facts in regard to the new Pontificate, with only a few ventures into the realm of prophecy. And yet, always speaking with due reserve, some of these facts are, according to persons of unquestionable authority whom I have the good fortune to be able to consult, of extraordinary significance.

One of the first symptoms to be noted, as indicating an important departure from the policy of the late Pope, was a marked change in the tone of the official Vatican newspaper, the *Osservatore Romano*. Of its tone during the reign of Pius X it is enough to say that it was precisely what was to be expected. In the issue of October 7 there was an article, which was unsigned, but which had certainly received the *imprimatur* of the Vatican authorities, in which it was strongly insisted that the Holy See, and by necessary consequence the Church, must observe the strictest *impartiality* (not *neutrality*, as it was strangely interpreted by some journalists) towards the belligerent nations in the present war. And this impartiality, which is the duty of all Catholics, was asserted to be especially incumbent upon the priesthood, whose sacred office can admit no distinctions of race or nationality. It was not pretended that Catholics, lay or clerical, should not feel and act according to their natural and proper patriotic duties and sentiments; only that Christian charity should rise superior to the rancors and hatreds engendered by the strife. "The attitude which the Holy See assumed," it was further observed, "in the recent conflict for the possession of Lybia, in which also important interests of our country were at stake, shows clearly and incontrovertibly the sincerity and firmness of its intention, which places above every other interest its mission of peace and charity among all the peoples of the earth without distinction of race or creed."

The incidental phrase, *la patria italiana*, which I have translated "our country," caused more remark than all the rest of the article. Never before, since its foundation, had the *Osservatore Romano* used such an expression as *la patria italiana*, or any language implying that an Italian Catholic need have any political aspiration except that of restoring the temporal power to the Pope.

The exhortation to impartiality, however obvious though such a duty may seem on the part of both laity and priesthood, had a special significance at the time. The Catholic newspapers in Italy, which are not, like the *Osservatore Romano*, directly dependent upon the Vatican, were anything but impartial in their attitude towards the warring nations, their editorial articles, and even their accounts of military operations, exhibiting a decided prejudice in favor of Austria and Germany. Five of these papers, the *Corriere d'Italia* of Rome, the *Momento* of Turin, the *Italia* of Milan, the *Avvenire d'Italia* of Bologna, and the *Messagero Toscano* of Pisa, are controlled by a stock company, known as the Società Editrice Italiana, and being the best known and most widely diffused, had attracted a corresponding share of public attention. The Società Editrice Italiana was accused of being subsidized by Austrian capital, with how much warrant I am unable to say, although the priest-ridden character of the Dual Monarchy and the treatment the Church has received in France at the hands of the Radicals are quite enough to account for the prejudice of Italian clericals. At any rate I know that a number of English and French cardinals made a formal protest at the Vatican shortly before the appearance of the article in the *Osservatore*, and the effect was immediately to be observed in all the "independent" Catholic journals, some of which are by this time even making a brave show of patriotism.

It has been reported, and, as I have been able to assure myself, with some probability, that a reform, or rather a reordering, of some of the Roman congregations is imminent. One of the most important, and in general one of the most useful, acts of Pius X was a complete reform, by a decree dated June 29, 1908, of the administrative and judicial procedure of the Church. All judicial competence was taken from the congregations and bestowed upon the Courts of the Rota and the Segnatura, which were by the same act restored; and the functions and attributions of the congregations themselves, which in the course of time had in many cases become vague and even contradictory, were clearly defined. One of the most notable of these changes, and the one perhaps that has commended itself the least, was the enormously increased importance of the Congregation of the Consistory, which became invested with the nomination of bishops. Before that time the suggestion of candidates for vacant sees, and the collection of information concerning them, was the duty of an officer called Uditore di Sua Santita, who was a titular archbishop residing at the papal court. This office, naturally left vacant under Pius X, will probably be restored by Pope Benedict. The Secretary of the Congregation of the Consistory, of which the Pope himself is Prefect, is Cardinal De Lai, next to Merry del Val the most energetic and influential member of the intransigent faction, and to this office was due his great power during the late Pontificate and his personal ascendency over the Pope. In the appointment to vacant dioceses, which must soon take place, of which the most important are Genoa and Cremona, the new order will doubtless be made manifest. I am, however, able to assert in this connection that there is no foundation for the report that Cardinal De Lai will resign his post as Secretary of this Congregation because he now finds himself in opposition.

The letter of encouragement lately written to the Pope by Cardinal Cassetta, Protector of the Society of St. Jerome for the Spread of the Gospel, acquires a special meaning in view of the recent history of this organization. The reproach directed against the Roman Church by Protestants ever since the Reformation for its failure to supply the laity with the Scriptures translated into the vernacular tongues, has had a tardy effect, especially in countries that are prevailingly Protestant. But in Italy and other countries, where the spur of Protestant opposition is wanting, vernacular editions, even of the four Gospels alone, were almost unheard of, and the Society above named was formed, with the approval of Leo XIII, to supply the lack. The preparation of the first volume, consisting of the Gospels and the Acts, was entrusted to three priests celebrated for their piety and learning, the Rev. Giovanni Semeria, who wrote the introduction; the Rev. Luigi Clementi, who did the translation, and the Rev. Giovanni Genocchi, who supplied the explanatory notes. Of the quality of the work it is enough to say that a learned Protestant clergyman assured me that there was nothing in introduction, translation, or notes to which he could take exception. It was sold for a few cents a copy, and in a short time many thousands had been distributed.

Unhappily, however, Pius X's famous condemnation of Modernism involved in a wide-ranging suspicion even this modest but useful little book. It goes without saying that everything savoring of modern and scientific Biblical criticism was anathema to the predominant faction in Rome, and the three priests responsible for this translation were too learned in the scientific sense not to fall into disfavor. Fr. Semeria, indeed, who, in his preface, instead of damning Protestants as miscreant heretics, had referred to them as "our Protestant brethren," was finally sent away from Italy, where his preaching had become entirely too popular, and his two colleagues were discredited and suspected. No excuse could be found for condemning the book, but in a short time it was nowhere to be found on sale, and all papal protection and favor was withdrawn from the Society. But now, in addition to the Pope's letter to Cardinal Cassetta already mentioned, the members of the Society have been received in special audience, and personally assured of his patronage and interest in their work.

The appointment of Cardinal Gasparri to succeed Cardinal Ferrata as Secretary of State, and the close relations the Pope is maintaining with such liberal-minded cardinals as Maffi and Agliardi, are so much more evidence to the same purpose. In fact, I am charged by a highly placed ecclesiastic to say that the cardinals are satisfied now that they are being consulted, after a long exclusion from their duty as counsellors, and that the bishops are satisfied because they are being respected, both in their persons and in their just prerogatives.

The *Corriere della Sera* of Milan has published an interview granted to its Rome correspondent by a person said to be deeply versed in Vatican politics, anonymous, of course, who pretended to know that the Pope is already laying his plans to obtain a representation in the European Congress that will determine the conditions of peace at the end of the present war. His chief object would be to obtain a guarantee of his own independence in the sense of changing the Italian Law of Guarantees, with some modifications, into an international compact signed by the Powers of Europe. This would not mean the revival of the question of the temporal power; on the contrary, the Pope might even, under certain conditions, renounce this claim. But the success of the project depends, always according to this anonymous authority, on Italy's not taking part in the war. For, while Italy would in any case be opposed to the participation of the Pope in a European Congress, she could not make her protest felt unless she were a belligerent Power.

H. E.

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In Notting Dale

A SIDE ISSUE OF THE WAR.

In London, the city of contrasts, one of the poorest neighborhoods is called Notting Dale. It is very close to Bayswater, which is one of the richest, though not at all one of the most aristocratic, because as soon as, being rich, you also become aristocratic, you move from Bayswater to the other side of the Park—very much as in New York, if you live in the West Seventies, you know that you ought to live in the East Seventies if you were really "geboren." Notting Dale, although it is so close to Bayswater, is a much-exploited centre of philanthropy. It used to be famous for its criminals, but they have been crowded out by the ever-increasing tide of social workers, and such of the aborigines as still exist are chiefly notable for the blankness of their poverty.

Notting Dale has a special interest in view of the present war because it was made the scene of one of those well-meaning, if untruthful, rumors which are among the social usufruct of every war. It has been widely stated that one result of present conditions has been a great increase in drunkenness among the wives of reservists and volunteer soldiers. So widely was the rumor spread that the usual rather foolish and hasty legislation has been resorted to, and it is now illegal for any woman to obtain alcoholic refreshment in London before a fixed hour in the morning. That might be well enough, were the restriction also applied to men, who, one may admit, without being an extreme Feminist, need it more; but it is based upon an altogether erroneous premise—upon Notting Dale in fact.

At the beginning of the war there was in England the usual undisciplined outburst of philanthropic endeavor that we have grown to expect in democratic countries. Coupled with grants from the War Office, advanced pay, and the like, this orgy of well-doing resulted in a dangerous situation, in that very shortly after the departure of her husband for the front, the wife of each reservist received, in one lump, sums varying from £5 to £15. As was pointed out, and as was undoubtedly true, many of the recipients had never seen so much money in one sum in their lives. Well-meaning philanthropists, who had not contributed to the original funds, argued with perfect sincerity that orgies of drunkenness ought to ensue. Women of the class from whom reservists are drawn, argued these middle-class philosophers, very often enter public-houses, even when they have very little money. Ergo, when they have more money than they have ever seen before, they will certainly spend their whole luxurious days in public-houses, the brewers will benefit enormously, and the liveliest horrors must result. It is notoriously true—especially of those of us who have the social-work bee in our bonnets—that what well-meaning people believe must be true. And accordingly it became very widely accepted in London, which is to say England, which is to say Europe, which is to say the world, that the women of Notting Dale, which is to say London, which is to say England, immediately after the departure of their husbands for the front, indulged in orgies of drunkenness. As we have seen, the well-meaning brought pressure to bear upon the civic legislature—which, as England is a democratic country, is of course a purely amateur body—and the police regulation has now been enforced which—though the well-meaning, who are mostly women, do not for a moment realize it—is an insult to every woman who ever lived.

As a matter of actual fact, the women of Notting Dale did not indulge in any orgies of drunkenness after the departure of their husbands for the front. I can state this on evidence which no reasonable person can doubt. I could give, that is to say, the evidence of my own eyes (which may not count), of the managers of the local public-houses (which may be suspect), of the women themselves (which may be prejudiced), of policemen (who know more about the real incidents of real life than all the well-meaning educated people who ever lived, taken together), and of officials of the London County Council (whose word, since their official duty is to prove exactly the contrary, may at least be accepted, even by the well-meaning). I have no space in an article of this kind to give chapter and verse, but, should any one feel sufficiently interested, I should be very happy to give facts and figures, which would, I think, leave no reasonable doubt even in the minds of the best meaning of philanthropists. As a matter of actual fact, the takings of the most prosperous public-houses in Notting Dale, which is to say London, which is to say England, decreased very considerably after the departure of the reservists for the front, and the books of the biggest of the West London breweries are there to reprove me if I lie.

But—as is usual with those of us who are well-meaning—while observing the mote, we have overlooked the camel, which happens to be one of the most interesting of the side-issues of the present war. While the women of Notting Dale have been accused of drunkenness, which is not just, they have been acquitted of ignorance, from which charge they could never hope to escape. For the real, the horribly pathetic truth, is that, while the receipts of the public-houses of Notting Dale actually decreased after the declaration of war, those of the candy shops and little general stores where they sell canned goods went up—enormously. Here again I can give chapter and verse for those who care to pursue the inquiry. With them went up the figures of infant mortality. Children died—very young children—not because their mother drank, but because, having, for the first time in her life, the opportunity to "spoil" her baby, she did so with whole-hearted enthusiasm. To be killed with kindness does not often happen to the children of Notting Dale, and when the opportunity came the mothers took advantage of it—horribly.

Those of us who have never been really poor cannot realize what is the supreme ideal of the children of Notting Dale—which is to say of First Avenue. It may be tinned salmon; it may be the most horrible kind of arsenical sweetmeat; it may even be dill pickles of a noxious blackness. At least, whatever it is, our mothers of Notting Dale (or of First Avenue) will give it to us because they are our mothers—and very probably we shall die of it. Do not let us thereafter accuse them of having been drunk on their battling husband's money. For, after all, like most human beings, they meant well.

O. M. H.

The Belgian Hare

THE TRUE HISTORY OF REYNARD THE FOX.

Listen to the true history of Reynard the Fox. It befell long ago, when beasts and birds could still speak, that Noble the lion was lord among the animals. The sun never set on his dominions. But to Reynard the fox it was a sore vexation to see the lion seated securely upon his throne, with a soft radiance of self-approval illuminating his royal countenance. "Especially," muttered Reynard, "when one considers how much cleverer I am than he, or than any one else, for the matter of that." The more he thought about it the more clearly it seemed to be his duty, just because he was so clever, to appropriate the lion's share ("Only to think how he came by it!" snapped Reynard) to his own better uses. So Reynard bided his time.

Now it happened that Reynard's cousin, Grimbert the badger, continually found grievous the many trespasses of the bear cubs; till at last he waxed so wroth at one of them that he followed him even to the door of his cave, making complaint against him with stout words and ill. But his threats and complainings served only to bring a loud growl from Bruin, the big bear.

"Ach," said Reynard, who was careful to hear everything, "this bear's growling makes me very uneasy." But he told Grimbert and Bruin, who sought his counsel in the matter, that he thought it a great shame if Grimbert could not do as he pleased; for in truth he was not so much afraid of the bear as he pretended to be. Bruin, however, was not content with this, and together they repaired to lay the case before Noble the lion.

He received them with his most ingratiating manner. "Come," said he, "by all means settle this at once; things are very well as they are, and nothing should be allowed to disturb them. Above all, let us have no fighting."

"Nothing could be further from my wish than fighting," explained Reynard, "but this bear's growling makes me so uneasy that I cannot rest. It is not my fault, is it, if Grimbert is a little hasty? Allowances should, I think, be made for him." Hearing some murmurs of disapproval from the other animals, Reynard turned upon them with vehemence. "Little thanks I get from you all, and from you, O lion, who ought to be especially grateful to me. Know you not

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that Bruin has long time planned to seize the lordship of the beasts for himself, and that it is only I, with my cleverness, that stand in his way? What would become of you if I were not here to shield you from this rude tyrant? Instead of blaming me you should give me your help, for I am the protector of you all." So saying he threw his glove at the feet of the bear, who nothing loath took up the gage.

While he was speaking, in came Chantecleer, the cock, and amid great lamentation recited how Reynard had by force made off with two of his fairest daughters. "I cannot deny this," said Reynard, "but it is necessary for me to live, and I only took what I felt belonged to me. They walked right into my mouth, and indeed I could not help it. Besides, all this happened a very long time ago." But Chantecleer, whose grief was unassuageable, said that he would throw in his fortunes with the bear against the fox.

Now it was plain that Noble the lion was in no mind for battle, having many troublesome concerns at the moment. And, though he bore Reynard no love, and had many times at the feast grudgingly given him only the bones and the hide for his share, still, when pressed for his judgment, he gave it as his hope that the thing might be patched up somehow. With that they all dispersed to prepare for the battle, Reynard muttering as he went, "It is strange these beasts are not fond of me, in spite of my cleverness. I will fight them all if needs must. I think I am a match for them and more, and it is better to perish than not to lay claim to my rightful lordship." So it was not long before they were all back once more, clamoring more loudly than ever. A new charge was laid against Reynard. On his way he had met Kyward the hare, and promised to teach him his letters, but no sooner had he got the hare between his knees than he flew at his throat and all but devoured him. At this, Noble the lion roared with indignation, for he, with the other great beasts, had promised not to hurt the hare, and he considered him under his special protection. But Reynard, as usual, was provided with excellent reasons.

"I remember my promise," he said, "but when I made it I did not think I should ever want to break it. I could not resist devouring Kyward, he was so tempting. Besides, he was stupid, and would not learn his lesson, and who shall blame the teacher if he chastises his pupil? I dare say, too, that sooner or later, O lion, you would have eaten him yourself if I had not been beforehand. Just recall for a moment the fate of the lamb that drank out of the same stream with you, and you will see that you are no better than I. For all that," continued Reynard, "I would that you held your hand till I had settled my score with Bruin and Chantecleer."

"In faith," roared the lion, hurling his gage at Reynard, "let it be trial by combat to the uttermost. I will avenge the helpless hare, and make an end of all your tricks."

"Since you are all against me," snarled Reynard, "I will fight you all, and my vengeance will be severe. Everything that has been said about me is a lie. I do not want to fight—but I do want an empire as broad as ever the lion's was. Why not? I will have my answer at the hands of you all."

So the battle was forthwith set in order at —— (*the rest deleted by the censor*).

A.

Correspondence

DR. CONYBEARE'S ANALYSIS OF THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readiness to publish my criticisms of "Vernon Lee" encourages me once more to address you, but this time in order to deprecate the tone of mocking exultation in which, in your issue of October 15, Sir H. Lucy refers to the impending removal from St. George's Chapel at Windsor of the banners and insignia of the Emperor William and of other German princes in their quality of Knights of the Garter. To my mind their removal, even if it be inevitable, is a matter to weep over and not to jest at. The Germans are fighting for their very existence as bravely as ourselves, and, though it is our duty to denounce the ruthless ferocity with which they have treated a small free nation that had given them no offence and only desired to be let alone, it is equally our duty to abstain from embittering the quarrel by vilipending their rulers and statesmen. I fear it is our national assumption of superiority, and our innate propensity to depreciate other races, that more than anything has focussed on us the dislike of our German cousins. I remember the Homeric laughter of the English press over the little fleet which they sent to China in 1896. I regarded it as of evil omen, for I knew well the *Fleissigkeit* of the Germans in trade, in natural science, and in all branches of learning. I felt that, if they chose, they could build and train as good a navy as our own. Perhaps it was our ill-timed ridicule of them on that occasion that stimulated them to become our rivals on the sea even more than a legitimate anxiety to protect their growing commerce.

If the English and German races were going to disappear in the course of this generation from off the earth, such hatred and contempt as, alas, just now colors much that is written and published in both countries, would do less harm; but both races will, I imagine, continue to exist for thousands of years, and we must in time learn to respect and, I hope, like each other; the sooner, therefore, the embers of mutual hatred and distrust are quenched the better for mankind in general. I still cherish the hope that the United States may do something ere long to reconcile us with each other; for, after all is said and done, the Germans are our natural allies in Europe; they are after the Dutch the only European race at all akin to us. Had I had a boy to educate, and could not have educated him in England, I would have sent him to a German gymnasium and nowhere else; for my experience of German boys is that they are sane, healthy minded, frank, and truthful. Nor have I ever met in other countries with such hospitality as the Dutch and Germans treat you to. What other people welcome you in their homes and half kill you with good cheer? What other people have got the word *home* and all the tender associations of the same? It grieves me to think that such loyal, kind people as were many of them whom I have known privately should have made the name of Belgium an eternal blot upon their escutcheon; that having reduced the little country to widespread misery and famine, they should still be wringing gigantic fines out of its cities. In 1870 they set an example of humanity in war; now they violate every convention by which international jurists have sought to mitigate its horror. Their ideal is summed up in their word *Schrecklichkeit*. It is appalling.

However, one cannot indict a whole people, and I believe that an hour of resipiscence will come, when the German savants and professors who have persuaded themselves—in the teeth of the avowals of their Emperor's own Chancellor—that it was England and France that began the violation of Belgian territory, will regain their right mind, and recognize that the English had no choice but to honor their solemn guarantee, and went to war from a generous, honorable, and indeed quixotic motive, to wit, in order to defend a weak state, that appealed to them, against the aggression of the strong. They credit us with a deep-laid plot to "down" them; but, cherishing such an aim, should we have been content with a paltry army of 150,000 men? Should we not have prepared an army of a million or two of trained men? Our very unpreparedness should surely acquit us of having nurtured any intention of destroying Germany. Let any one read the solemn debate in the House of Commons which preceded our declaration of war, and one must feel that our democracy entered on it from a stern sense of duty and out of pity for the weak. Germany has been arraigned as the aggressor by her own ally, Italy, and, had our motives been as base as these German savants pretend, we could never have earned the sympathy and approval of the Irish Nationalists—who frankly and justly condemned our Boer war—much less of the American nation.

Yet the fact remains that most Germans at this moment regard their Emperor as a martyr, as a victim of Russian aggression. Is it possible that there is something to be said in favor of their view? Such is the atmosphere of suspicion and hatred engendered in England by this unhappy war that I would hardly dare suggest in our press that the devil need not be so black as he is painted. In philosophical and theological debate I have always tried to see an opponent's point of view. Is it wrong, because I am an Englishman and at war with Germans, for me to try to see their point of view? I can not believe it is, and therefore I do not scruple to acknowledge that the Kaiser did at the eleventh hour attempt on the three days July 29-31 to avert war.

My understanding of the correspondence which in that interval passed between Kaiser and Czar may be wrong, but it is this: The senile, testy, and somewhat vain ruler of Austria had on July 23—I believe behind the back of the Kaiser—issued his provocative note to Servia, with the fixed intention of forcing war upon her. The Kaiser, when he came to know of it, took no overt exception to its terms, and was by no means opposed to what he deemed the condign punishment of a regicidal little state. Russian sentiment was favorable to the Servians, as it had been even on a former occasion when they murdered with every circumstance of barbarity their own King and Queen. Austria now mobilized against Servia, whereupon the Russians mobilized against Austria, whose ruler refused to discuss the issue with them. Thereupon the Czar appealed, on July 28, to the Kaiser to mediate with his ally and induce him to resume *pourparlers* with Petrograd,

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to agree to restrict his operations against Servia to the limits of a merely punitive expedition, and to pledge himself to retain no Servian territory at the end of it. The Kaiser had virtually obtained these terms from Franz Joseph on July 31, when he learned that Russia had mobilized her entire army, not only against Austria, but against himself as well. Forthwith he wired and reproached the Czar with this, that having sought and obtained his mediation, he yet was at the same time frustrating his efforts for peace. The Czar answers that he "appraises very highly" his "dear cousin's position as mediator," but that he had decided five days before on the military measures objected to by way of defence against the preparations of Austria. The excuse seems to me a little lame, and I think the Czar should have pledged himself at once to stay his mobilization against Germany and give the Kaiser's attempt at mediation time to bear fruit; for it was a method of securing peace less likely to offend Franz Joseph than Sir Edward Grey's proposal of a round-table conference at which Germany, Italy, France, and England should discuss his action and sit in judgment on him. The Czar anyhow went on with his mobilization, whereupon the Kaiser resorted to threats, followed up the next day by a declaration of war.

By his precipitancy in thus declaring war the Kaiser spoiled his case and forfeited the sympathy of all the world. Had he only waited, and allowed Russia to attack him and his ally—and I believe that, once war had begun against Servia, she was fully prepared to assail Austria—he would not only have retained the sympathy of his Italian ally, but have rendered it difficult for England to declare war on him.

I need not add that our English Parliament was, at the moment it declared war, unaware of this exchange of telegrams between the Kaiser and the Czar, and there was nothing before them to modify the opinion that Germany had been throughout as nakedly aggressive as her ally. They only knew that Sir Edward Grey had used his best efforts for peace; they believed that the Kaiser had made none at all; they had no reason to suppose that at the eleventh hour he shrank from a war for which his General Staff had made all necessary preparations for five and twenty years. It is possible, too, that the Crown Prince and the militarist faction, that believes in war and conquest as the essential engine of German civilization, then gained the upper hand and asserted a malign influence over the Kaiser.

For, alas, injustice breeds injustice. The forcible annexation of Alsace-Lorraine could never be forgotten and forgiven, as Prince Bismarck foresaw it would not be. The French cemented a most unnatural alliance with despotic Russia only because it secured them from further German aggression and gave them a hope of *revanche;* and thus for a whole generation Germany has seen two bitter enemies and rivals reaching out their hands across her to clutch her by the throat if an occasion arose. Her very existence thus menaced, she has been forced to live armed to the teeth. Her corps of officers symbolize and stand for national security, and that is why civilians have brooked their occasional excesses of insolence, even their last year's outrage at Zabern. For the same reason the entire corps of French officers and all "good" society in France went solid in the Dreyfus case with a corrupt, cruel, and fraudulent *état majeur.*

French ambition has of late restricted its aims to a reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine; and for several years after 1870 the Germans on their side merely kept an army to defend themselves; but as their industry and commerce grew, their strategists and statesmen widened their outlook and began to regard their army and navy as means to "a place in the sun." Thirty years ago I can remember Professor Max Müller saying that "he would like to see the German who would wish to go to one of Bismarck's colonies." What German to-day would speak of colonies with such contempt? Our best of foreign statesmen, the late Lord Salisbury, discerned that it was as much in England's interest as in Germany's that the latter should have important dependencies, and for that reason he favored her expansion in Anatolia and Africa; but since his death our statesmen, Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey, have been too inclined to block her path; and in Morocco the French, relying on our aid, treated her claims—originally created by Lord Salisbury at the Congress of Madrid, in 1893—to a sphere of interest there with scant respect. That was neither diplomatic nor right, and we never ought to have let Germany feel that she was a mere strap-hanger in Europe; for by way of reaction not a few Germans have been overtaken by a positive lust for universal dominion, for conquest *vi et armis* of the domains of others, undeterred by any scruples of right and wrong and justifying force and fraud, after the manner of Bernhardi, with silly sophistries about German culture, as if no race was civilized except their own.

And herein lies the true scandal of modern Germany. By general agreement among the Indo-European races that people Europe and America, one of themselves has no right, after the manner of Sennacherib, to enslave another. There are cases, of course, where old-time conquest has imposed on certain races a political union they detest. Such is the case of Poland. But whereas other states are striving to mitigate such tyranny and recoil in horror from undertaking such conquest, whereas Sweden has allowed Norway to depart in peace, whereas England has conferred on Ireland and on the Boers the measures of autonomy they demanded, whereas even Russia has pledged herself to create a new Poland, Germany alone, through her diplomats, her soldiers and journalists, cynically asserts her right and intention to enslave seven millions of free Belgians, just as in 1864 she enslaved a Danish population and in 1871 the people of Alsace-Lorraine. She alone of modern states affects to treat races that are her equals in culture and her superiors in political development as if they were cattle, merely because Herr Krupp has manufactured big guns with which she can slay them. How in England can we not feel that Germany would, if she could, treat our colonists in New Zealand and Australia as she has treated Danes, Alsatians, Lorrainers, and Belgians, all within a space of fifty years?

Americans are so sensitive on this point that President Wilson only the other day refused to acknowledge as President of the Mexican state a soldier who had climbed into the saddle by use of the sword rather than of the ballot-box. In case—which God forbid—Germany should win in this war, will America tamely acquiesce in her annexation, by means of fire, sword, and rapine, of seven million free, intelligent, and industrious Belgians? If so, then indeed the eyes of civilization are once for all put out, good faith between states is extinguished, and German culture, embodied in the formula *homo homini lupus,* will have triumphed.

FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, November 5.

UNTO CÆSAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of October 29 an English correspondent, Mr. William Heywood, quoted the following "memorable words" which the German Emperor is supposed to have used in addressing his troops:

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, on me as the German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vicegerent. Woe to the disobedient. Death to cowards and unbelievers."

Mr. Heywood does not indicate the source from which he took these words; he merely refers in a general way to a number of recent books and pamphlets. I more than suspect that the phrases are apocryphal. A German friend has called my attention to a recent issue of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in which reference is made to these same expressions as having appeared in the Geneva *Tribune,* which in turn attributes them to a Warsaw paper. They are alleged to be part of a proclamation of the Emperor's to the German people. The *Frankfurter Zeitung,* after quoting the passage, remarks that for German readers it has the full charm of novelty. It seems to be simply one of the fables of the time. There is no ground for saying that anything of the kind ever came from the Emperor.

Even the devil has his due; why not the Kaiser? F. W. TAUSSIG.

Cambridge, Mass., November 25.

"PUBLIC AGITATION" BY GERMAN PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for November 12, Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., protests against the charge that has been laid against certain eminent professors of contemporary Germany who have been "accused of devoting their splendid talents towards the spread of teachings which brought on the war."

Professor Jastrow assumes that these men are so absorbed in their own lines of work that they have neither time nor inclination to take part in the discussion of current political questions. Of Prof. Eduard Meyer he says: "Those who know the wide scope of Professor Meyer's work in ancient history will agree that a man who has accomplished what he has can have very little time or energy to devote to public agitation." In February, 1913, the International Students' Union of Berlin held a public meeting at which Mr. Norman Angell was the chief guest and speaker. Professor Meyer was not too busy to appear at this meeting to denounce "Angellism" and, according to his own statement, to prevent the students from being led astray by false arguments. After informing the audience, presumably for the purpose of showing his fairness of mind, that he held honorary de-

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grees from various British and American universities, he made a bitter attack on England, and then launched into an exposition and defence of Germany's position which from the standpoint of a sympathizer with German "Machtpolitik" left nothing to be desired. The efforts of Britain to bring about a reduction of armaments he attributed to the fact that she was finding the burden too heavy for her, and he closed his address with the proud boast that, for Germany, verily that time had not yet arrived.

That the meeting developed into what an American clergyman who was present declared to be the most disgraceful scene he had witnessed in the course of many years' residence in Berlin was largely due to Professor Meyer, who, according to Professor Jastrow, has "very little time or energy left to devote to public agitation." A. E. LANG.

Victoria College, University of Toronto, November 17.

GERMAN SCIENCE AND GERMAN CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the recent discussion of German culture, in which the case against Germany appears to be embarrassed by "our debt to German science," I have been waiting for some one who could speak with more authority than myself to raise the question whether, in the first place, our debt to German science is not overestimated. My own prejudices—not racial, for I am remotely of German descent—lead me to look upon German science as a gift of moderate value, certainly of small attractiveness, and of rather *bourgeoise (bürgerlich)* intellectual quality; and the *deutsche wissenschaftliche Methode* seems to me to be largely a method for dispensing with ideas.

To my lay view it seems that, though German science may boast of many great names, it can show surprisingly few of the greatest. The two great epochs of modern science, marked by the conceptions of gravitation and of evolution, were inaugurated respectively by Newton and by Darwin, with Wallace and Spencer—all Englishmen. The law of conservation of energy recalls the names of Helmholtz and Mayer, but equally the name of Joule; and it was Clerk Maxwell who laid the theoretical foundation for the important science of thermo-dynamics. Looking over Whetham's article on "Science" in the new Britannica, I note that the milestones of scientific progress are marked by such names as (to repeat them somewhat at random) Galileo, Newton, Laplace, Lyell, Stokes, Bunsen, Kirchhoff, Darwin, Lamarck, Mendel, De Vries, Huygens, Joule, Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, Helmholtz, Lord Kelvin, Willard Gibbs, and Madame Curie. Allowing for a certain latitude in judgment, it is still hard to believe that the Germans could write the history of science much differently. Altogether, it seems not unfair to say that, while the Germans have contributed heavily to the development of science and to the application of science to practical life, rather few of them are to be found among the initiators of investigation and the creators of scientific ideas; and on the other hand much that passes for science in Germany consists in the application of "method" to regions in which its validity is doubtful.

The present war is supposed to be a test of the *wissenschaftliche Methode*. I have no doubt that it is. Nor do I deny that so far the method has made a good showing. Yet the ideas underlying the more important appliances are few of them German. The Germans have learned to build battleships in England. The automobile has been developed mostly in France. The aeroplane they owe to Langley and the Wright brothers. The first steps in the development of the dirigible are all French, while Santos Dumont may be said to have scored the first distinct success. Their celebrated system of sanitation is built upon ideas supplied by Lister and Pasteur.

It is a delicate task to speak of German culture. I have known and loved too many Germans who were men and women of high character and fine feeling to doubt the fact of German culture in the personal sense; and it is always better not to raise the question as to which of us is better bred. Yet when the question is raised, and the world is bidden to bow before German culture, as before a new Islam, at the point of the sword, it seems proper to place it upon the scale. Leaving aside the relatively small circle of "finely cultivated" *(fein gebildete)*, which is not peculiar to Germany, and taking the nation as a whole as it is to-day, the chiefly striking feature of German civilization (as of German science) is its newness. Among the nations of Europe the Germans are the newly lettered, the newly sophisticated, and, alas! the newly rich; and like others before them they are celebrating their recent acquisition of knowledge and wealth by a display of insolence. Berlin, their capital, though an ancient city, is for the most part as new as Chicago; its growth, which began in 1871, has been precisely parallel and contemporaneous with that of Chicago; and twenty years ago, at least, when I spent a year there, it was for the most part as crude as Chicago, the chief exception being that Chicago was not quite so proud of its "night life" *(das Berliner Nachtleben)*.

Using the word "civilization" in the narrowly material sense, as referring to modes of dress and conveniences of living, the Germans of twenty years ago were at least a generation behind England and America. And the manners of the people, though in some respects better than our own, were naïve. Among German students whom I met, the first question of a new acquaintance was apt to be, "How much did you pay for that coat?" the second, "What is your monthly allowance?" As one German said to me, "Wir Deutsche sind spiessbürgerlich." Yet, unhappily, they were beginning to be ashamed of being *spiessbürgerlich*, and, curiously enough, to seek emancipation through the adoption of things English; the German swell of those days was a caricature of an Englishman. I say "unhappily" because, for my own part, I prefer to let the German stay *spiessbürgerlich*, and personally I found in the older and more Teutonic German a type of character at once attractive and dignified. Yet matters of this kind are not irrelevant in judging the claims of a people to be the leader of society among nations.

Politically speaking, the Germans occupy to-day the position of England in the time of Charles I; it has still to be decided whether the Kaiser rules by the consent of Parliament. That is to say, in the development of political liberties (surely an important part of civilization) they are at least two and a half centuries behind any of the English-speaking peoples, not to speak of some others. Germany has produced a noble literature, but a literature of rather small compass and hardly to be compared as a whole with the literature of England and France. In the fine art of presenting life in the form of prose fiction, the Germans are distinctly inferior to their three antagonists—the English, the French, and the Russians. One may search German literature in vain for anything to match Tolstoy or Turgenieff, Balzac or Daudet, Thackeray or Dickens.

The Germans are supposed to be preëminently gifted as philosophers—just why, I have never been able to understand; for if the German mind is anywhere lacking it is in that fineness and exactness of perception which is the first essential of good philosophical thinking. I greatly fear that in the minds of those who accept this tradition "philosophy" is typified by the sort of aroma exhaled by Rudolf Eucken, the militarist discoverer of the "spiritual life." It is true that the greatest name in modern philosophy, Immanuel Kant, is German, though some say that it is Scotch—and possibly Hegel may be put beside him. But German philosophy has been feeding upon the past for a generation; it was very lifeless when I studied philosophy in Germany twenty years ago. And Kant tells us that it was David Hume, the Scotchman, who roused him from his dogmatic slumber. The truth is that in philosphy, as in science, those who have disturbed the dogmatic slumbers have been for the most part not German; and Descartes's "Meditations," Spinoza's "Ethics," Locke's "Essay," Berkeley's "Principles," and Hume's "Treatise" hold to-day a more conspicuous place in the history of philosophy than any German document except the "Critique of Pure Reason."

There is but one department of culture in which the Germans reign supreme—in music. Here again the Russian barbarians could be cited to prove that they are not quite alone. Yet we need not deny the creative supremacy of the Germans in the art of music; and—even while the harmonies of Beethoven are being spoiled by the noise of German cannon—I should be the last to underestimate the greatness of the gift which they have bestowed upon mankind or its significance as a mark of culture.

Returning, however, to German science and German scholarship, I think that our debt to German science may be for the most part covered by the idea of organization and method; what the Germans have done for investigation is to organize it. For one, I think that the value of organization may be easily overestimated. In the academic world, where the German idea is represented by the graduate school, the Ph.D., and the laboratory of research, the influence of German "culture" has been somewhat devastating. Where the emphasis is laid upon organization and method, personality and genius are apt to count for little. To the German scientific ideal we owe the fact that so many members of our college faculties are journeyman specialists, not a few of them illiterate, and so few marked by that breadth of accomplishment and of insight which constitutes culture; to the Germans we owe the exploitation of a multitude of new "sciences," all nicely laid out with street names and cement walks, but as barren of content as a real estate speculation in town-lots; and to the German idea we owe the rise of a class of professional organizers, executives, and efficiency men whose only business in life is to mind the business of other people. Wherever two or three are gathered together

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to-day, in politics, commerce, industry, education, religion—and even where they are not gathered together—some one is on the way to organize them. In the madness for organization we have long since lost sight of the end in the means; we have forgotten that neither the fruition nor the advancement of human life can take place in the absence of individual freedom and creativeness; and we have come to believe that the sole meaning of life and of culture is—to be organized.

This, I should say, is our chief debt to German science. This machine view of culture is now being tested for us by what is conceived to be the finest organization in existence, based upon the most completely ruthless disregard of the human individualities embraced by it. It seems to me that more than the fate of Germany is involved in the issues of the war; and among the remoter questions, whether the naïve worship of organization is not now to give way to a more intelligent and humane view of life. WARNER FITE.

Pasadena, Cal., November 11.

MARCEL REYMOND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Marcel Reymond, the eminent art critic, died suddenly on October 13 at Lyon. Born at La Mure in 1849, he lived most of his life in Grenoble, spending the summers in his villa at St. Ismier. He studied law, but devoted himself particularly to the history of art, in which his special interests were the art of Florence during the Renaissance, and that of his native Dauphine. He became active in the local movement to attract travellers to this beautiful part of France, and he was the leader in organizing at the University of Grenoble, both in winter and summer, courses for foreign students. In this valuable and successful work, which has now been taken up in all parts of France, the faculty of Grenoble was the pioneer. In recognition of M. Reymond's services, a new auditorium of the University bears his name. He was untiring in his devotion to this cause, and acquired many warm friends among the American and other foreign students. He had formed the interesting idea of establishing a residence-hall for American teachers who might come to Grenoble to perfect themselves in French. One purpose that he had in mind was to promote friendship between France and Germany through the increase of mutual understanding and of fellowship afforded by the University; at the opening of the present war, he must have been saddened to see the nullification of his efforts of many years.

M. Reymond's published works include monographs on the Della Robbias, Donatello, Verrocchio, Brunelleschi, and Bernini; a volume on Grenoble and Vienne in the series Villes d'art, and one on the Palais de Justice at Grenoble; a volume of art-essays, "De Michel-Ange à Tiepolo." His most important publication is a monumental work in four volumes, "La Sculpture florentine" (1897-1900). The issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November 1 contains from his pen an eloquent article, written just before his death, on the Cathedral of Rheims, the bombardment of which seemed to him a crime of unspeakable barbarity. His only son is a captain in the French army.

KENNETH MCKENZIE.

New Haven, Conn., December 5.

Literature

THE ARCH-PRIESTESS OF MILITANCY.

My Own Story. By Emmeline Pankhurst. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. $2 net.

Mrs. Pankhurst begins her story with the apparently unconscious admission that "those men and women are fortunate who are born at a time when a great struggle for human freedom is in progress"; no one will doubt that when a "struggle" is on she will be eager to be there. The reader who sets out to take her good-naturedly will find the story amusing and entertaining. Mrs. Pankhurst is clever and writes with a facile pen, and she flings forth charges of "duplicity," "mendacity," and "perjury," calls the judges "biassed," Asquith "treacherous," Lloyd George "slippery," and both of them "scoundrels" with a grace and ease that betray practice. The numerous illustrations, mostly of Mrs. Pankhurst at the critical points of her career, serve to demonstrate the thoughtfulness of the militant organization in matters of detail. One must suppose that she never risked an appearance in public without a photographer at her side.

The reader who proposes to take her argument seriously is likely to be exasperated by the constant evidence of a feline sophistry: to begin with, of course, the common feministic sophism, implied in the "emancipation" of women, in which she likens the present situation of women to that of the negroes before the war, and herself to Wendell Phillips. But her whole argument is characterized by a quiet ignoring of obvious considerations and by a cat-like agility in shifting ground. The main object of the book is to show that militant methods have simply followed the accepted traditions of British politics, with the implication that they are now resented because they are employed by women. Thus it is a time-honored custom to break up political meetings and embarrass the speakers by putting questions. Here she fails to note that it is also a time-honored custom, when the questioners cease to be amusing, to throw them out; and that it is no part of the accepted tradition to claim the privilege of "chivalry." In defence of the policy of "obstruction" she points to Mr. Parnell and his followers, who doubtless never expected to escape punishment for breaking the rules of the game. Of course, the "woman's revolution" and the assertion of the right to be treated as "political prisoners" are simply begging the question.

At times she becomes sweetly reasonable. If, now, Mr. Asquith had only named some other time when it would be convenient for him to receive the petition—and so forth. But Mr. Asquith had received peremptory notice that the petition would be served upon him at eight o'clock on a certain evening. Virtually, he had been ordered to be ready and had been threatened if he should be absent. As a matter of course, full use is made of the dramatic possibilities of "forcible feeding." Thus Mrs. Leigh at the door of the doctor's room: "What she saw was enough to terrify the bravest. In the centre of the room was a stout chair resting upon a cotton sheet. Against the wall, as if ready for action, stood four wardresses." Apparently, this is all that she saw. But think of it, four wardresses and a chair, where the only hope of escape lies in ordering dinner!

Says Ellen Key: "The English women have set out from the wrong notion that, because men, driven to political despair, have committed deeds of violence, women also should in cold blood conceive and organize similar outrages." Here we have a clear distinction which Mrs. Pankhurst has apparently never cared to consider. All that she thinks necessary for the justification of violence is (when she conveniently can) to find a precedent. Her justification of arson is very simple: had not arson proved a potent argument in 1832? She passes easily over the statement of Mr. C. E. H. Hobhouse that "in the case of the suffrage demand there has not been the kind of popular sentimental uprising which accounted for Nottingham Castle in 1832 or the Hyde Park railing in 1867. There has not been a great ebullition of popular feeling."

This is the point, the decisive point, which Mrs. Pankhurst keeps dexterously dark throughout her "story," and especially in her attempts to convict Mr. Herbert Gladstone of shuffling inconsistency and Mr. Asquith of treachery. No extraordinary powers of intuition are needed to see that when Mr. Gladstone advised the suffragists to create a *force majeure*, what he meant was a force, not of disorder, but of imperative popular sentiment; and it was as impudent to hold him responsible for the summons to suffragists to "rush the House of Commons" as to pretend (as seemed at first convenient) that the summons contemplated no disorder. As for Mr. Asquith, it is clear from Mrs. Pankhurst's "own story" that he never committed himself to advocacy of the cause of suffrage; but he was prepared to yield if the cause could show sufficient popular backing. There is nothing in Mrs. Pankhurst's book to show that he broke any promises in connection with the Conciliation bill. It seems clear that his promise was, not to support the bill, but only to allow it time for consideration. Nor is it evident to the reader why he was forbidden by his promise to introduce at the same session of Parliament the Government's franchise bill, which was to be open to a woman-suffrage amendment. All that looks suspicious is his failure to foresee that this amendment would be ruled out by the Speaker as irrelevant. Throughout her negotiations—or, rather, her attempts to negotiate—with the Government, Mrs. Pankhurst quietly assumed that she and her crowd were the official spokeswomen of the women of England. The fact is clear, however, from her story that, although she could furnish "demonstrations" at will, she had no warrant either from the majority of

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English women or from the majority of suffragists.

The truth is, however, that for moral justification of militant methods, by appeal to tradition or otherwise, Mrs. Pankhurst cares little or nothing. For her the only argument of importance is expediency. Here is her explanation of the policy of burning houses and destroying letters:

> Now our task was to show the Government that it was expedient to yield to the women's just demands. In order to do that we had to make England and every department of English life insecure and unsafe. We had to make English law a failure, and the courts farce-comedy theatres; we had to discredit the Government and Parliament in the eyes of the world; we had to spoil English sports, hurt business, destroy valuable property, demoralize the world of society, shame the churches, upset the whole orderly conduct of life——

In other words, the justification is "militant necessity." In this bland statement Mrs. Pankhurst completes a contemporary trio of distinguished moral obtusities, taking her place beside the German Foreign Secretary who politely pointed to "military necessity" as a sufficient explanation of the violation of Belgian neutrality, and the ex-President of the United States who said, "I took it."

In her foreword Mrs. Pankhurst tells us of the "noble," "generous," and "patriotic" conduct of the militants in laying down arms when war broke out with Germany, and she wonders that the Government, "mindful of their unselfish devotion," has failed to come forward with the proper reward. To take Mrs. Pankhurst seriously at this point would be an insult to her understanding. A tithe of her shrewdness was sufficient to foresee that, when Englishmen were being killed and maimed by the thousand on the field of battle, the fate of a few women who chose wilfully to starve themselves to death would pass unnoticed, and they could quietly be allowed to starve. When war broke out the militant game was over.

Nor was this all. The traditional Philistine argument against suffrage has always been that the responsibility of voting belongs to those who can back it by bearing arms. During the long period of peace the argument had grown rather thin. But the present cataclysm is sufficient to revive it in full vigor. Let the argument be good or bad, it serves to remind us that woman suffrage belongs to an advanced civilization, and presupposes a state of things in which the argument of force is ready to yield to the argument of right and reason. This is something for suffragists to remember. Mrs. Pankhurst to the contrary, women can accomplish nothing by force; all that the militant "warriors" have done has been to take advantage of masculine notions of chivalry. If suffrage is finally to win, it can only be through the appeal to reason, justice, and fair play. And this means that suffragists must not merely play the political game that men are playing, they must play a better game. If the tactics of Mrs. Pankhurst and her militants have been copied from any part of the man-made world, it has been the lowest part. That they might have succeeded, we are not now in position to deny; there can be little doubt that they have served to discredit the cause of suffrage in the eyes of many thoughtful men and women.

CURRENT FICTION.

Time and Thomas Waring. By Morley Roberts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The substance of this narrative, as a narrative, may be given in a few words. A middle-aged man undergoes a major surgical operation. It is successful, but the "shock" has an extreme mental or psychic effect of revelation: the convalescent sees life as it is, and himself as a part of life. He has been absorbed in his work as a writer and a recognized authority upon European politics. He now perceives that even work is not the thing for which a man should chiefly live. He has been of testy spirit and manner, and now becomes gentle and understanding. But instead of being converted in the ordinary sense, he has turned from conventional religion to a hopeful agnosticism. "If religions failed when their dogmas perished, the essence of religion remained"—the religion of kindness and of service. Set morality also goes by the board. That Thomas Waring has a mistress as well as a wife no longer irritates his conscience. He takes back the son whom he has cast off for an affair with a maid-servant. He encourages his daughter to become the mistress of a married man. He even begins to understand and to bear with his stupidly virtuous wife. Therefore when he goes back to the operating-table, a few months later, and receives his final quietus, he has at least tasted of life on the right plane.

Now this all looks pretty shaky in the outline, but as the author fills it in, the effect is not intolerable. For one thing, he does not try to make his man out an absolute hero. Waring is not a figure of great strength in either phase of his experience; but he is human, and likable in proportion as he declines from mere respectability and becomes an honest and kindly fellow-being. And these circumstances have their palliations. In his own domestic relations he is a polygamist, not a libertine. His daughter's lover is held to marriage by the technicality of the English law, not by any decree of reason or decency. This whole study of a series of difficult relations is conducted with skill and discretion. Nevertheless, the result is a book of that general type which has been absorbing too much of the energies of recent story-telling Englishmen. Why not take it for granted that convention and respectability are ridiculous things, that questions of sex are many and intricate—and then try talking about something else for a change? Perhaps the present war will do something towards restoring the field of current fiction to the young person. We can afford to sacrifice a good deal of "psychology" and ingenuity for the sake of recovering a little robust commonsense.

Achievement. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The inception of a trilogy would seem to presuppose the inherent largeness of a theme including national as well as personal drama, but there are some English trilogists nowadays who dispense with any such requisite. Give them a story that falls into three convenient sections, they will not grudge the pains necessary to elaborate each into a volume. "Achievement" is the final instalment of such an effort—a small biography on a large scale. The last leg of Richard Furlong's earthly journey is covered with a profound absence of levity, the chronicle being largely taken up with propounding the obvious and faithfully explaining it. The only unexpectedness, pleasurable or otherwise, is introduced by the murder which the hero is finally forced to commit in order to bring his history to a close.

Of the quality of Richard's artistic output there can be no doubt. The felicitous naming of Richard's pictures is strongly relied upon in establishing his preëminence. Take the case of Fanny Cornish's portrait. Where a Whistler would probably have had to content himself with a mere "Arrangement in Black and Green," Richard could manage offhand a double-barrelled tip like "Jade," which directed the attention of art critics exclusively to the laying on of green paint, at the same time that it held in reserve for the more subtly discerning, alert for spiritual significances, all the profound implications of an epithet. In his relationships with women Richard is equally brilliant. He never at any time goes more than three-fourths of the way towards being a knave, and so always deserves the credit of being a decent fellow. Between a wish to be realistically truthful and an ingrained deference for the moral conventions, the author has steered an anxious course. He must not make Richard a saint—he cannot have him a sinner. The result is a puppet rather cautiously operated. The several women who illustrate Richard's experiences with the sex are, all but one, familiar literary types. The exception is the young countrywoman who keeps house for Richard's father. There are passages between her and the soft-hearted old man that convey a clear impression of feminine personality.

Sylvia's Marriage. By Upton Sinclair. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

In "Sylvia" Mr. Sinclair represented a plebeian woman from the West as telling the youthful story of a beautiful Southern aristocrat who in the last chapter was married to a New York multi-millionaire, Van Tuiver. In that chapter a former mistress of Van Tuiver made her appearance as spectator, and let fall an unsavory hint not without its suggestion of tragic effect as it stands, but made merely nauseous as developed in the present sequel. This is a tract about venereal disease and its consequence,

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illustrated by the case of the Van Tuivers and their child. It is a subject which needs to be talked about, and is, Heaven knows, being talked about. It might even conceivably be a theme for tragic art, though a theme more difficult than the Borgias or the Cencis have set. Unfortunately, Mr. Sinclair, though a writer of active imagination and of serious purpose, is not a tragic poet. His human figures are no more works of art than those grisly masks and torsos of sexual disease sometimes exhibited in popular "museums" for the education of careless youth—objects of horror, and in some dreadful sense of entertainment. This moral showman has not even such rudimentary taste as might have made his exhibition tolerable. A series of discourses on gonorrhœa and its effects, varied with passages of sentimentalism and even of social comedy!—what more horrid monster remains to be bred of the luckless pair, Fiction and Purpose? There is a penalty: the book is inherently too insignificant to produce more than a momentary qualm. Still, we have an uneasy feeling that we may not have heard the last of Sylvia, her grotesque husband, and their blind child, that some kind of public may wish to hear more of them.

The Captain of His Soul. By Henry James Forman. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

It is clever and well thought out, an excellent example of the New York story as now written. There are a suitable number of metropolitan types involved, from the stenographer to the captain of finance, and from the ward boss to the millionaire whose name begins with Van. Here, also, are the society adultress and the Bohemian virgin, the journalist, the young reformer; scenes of humor and pathos, laid amid a variety of flats and boarding-houses—above all, in a variety of eating-places, ranging from the obscure French café to Sherry's and the Waldorf; scenes of high-financial stress, with the ticker and the telephone in the foreground; scenes of what the stage calls P-*hash-ion*, and of what brutal youth calls slush. The chief protagonist is a young man who has a triple advantage as a hero in being a Southerner, a Harvard man, and a budding author. He comes to New York full of ideals, and singularly ignorant of the mass of literature extant which deals with youth so situated. He has to learn painfully for himself, as one blazing a trail, that the college writer of "promise" does not easily fulfil himself in the New York market-place; that one cannot serve God and Mammon; that wine is a mocker; that smart life is a hollow sham, and finance another; that service is best, and a good woman worth many rubies. All these truths are here laboriously rediscovered. So, indeed, they must needs be rediscovered by each fresh generation of young comers. But, if we are to maintain our interest in that perennial experience, it must be presented to us with fresh force and reality. What we have against the young gentleman of this narrative is that he has so little basis of character for circumstance to work upon. The author fails to make us believe in him—or, at least, to make us care about him. Nor is that wonderful maiden named Mary—however "Maryish"—so important to the reader as she apparently is to Mr. Forman. She, like the story, is a thing made, not a thing created. Despite the deepest conscientious inhalations and exhalations of the author, the breath of life, the inspiration, is not here.

The Pastor's Wife. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this photographic description of life in a small village of East Prussia it is almost startling to recognize names of places which now appear daily on the first pages of newspapers. Countess von Arnim's gift is for characterization and minute and sympathetic observation of the life around her, rather than for plot and incident—although it is true that in "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight" she crammed more of incident into fourteen days than usually occurs in the lifetime of a well-brought-up young lady of royal birth. There are both plot and incident in "The Pastor's Wife," but both are too extravagant to create, we will not say credulity (which is not necessary), but even temporary illusion. The value of the book is in the scenes that portray the life of an English girl married to a German pastor in a small East Prussian village.

The attitude of the author in her latest work is different from that which gave so much charm to "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "The Benefactress." The description here, we feel, is faithful, almost pitilessly realistic, but in place of the sympathy with her surroundings which marked the author's earlier work, we seem to notice a tinge of bitterness in the ruthlessly exact picture she draws of the daily routine of the Prussian *Hausfrau*, the incessant breeder of children, who represents the Prussian ideal of married womanhood, of woman's place in the economy of the state. The keynote of what Countess von Arnim has to say is found in the final protest of the pastor's wife, which precipitates the crisis of the book: "Oh, don't you see all that will be in ruins about us—but in *ruins*, Robert—all our happy life—if I go on in this—in this wild career of—of unbridled motherhood?"

They Who Question. Anonymous. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This comprehensive representation of the life of a better-class English family interested in social endeavor is quietly religious and impressively sincere. The author attempts a philosophical problem, some phases of which he evades, and some of which are treated superficially—the problem of the place of suffering in every-day existence; but lack of depth is atoned for by many positive merits of style and characterization. Galsworthian sentimentality plays no part in the story, even in depiction of the most sordid elements of London life. "To many minds," states the author in one passage, "the prevailing element in East London is its sadness, and people hardly seem to realize how many happy lives are spent there. Whitechapel Road on a warm summer evening, with its gas lamps, its venders of fruit and fried fish, its groups of people chatting on the pavement, may not seem a particularly favorable or delightful place to a man who has spent the afternoon sitting in a green chair in the park, but then a chair in the park may not strike the East Ender as altogether an amusing or delightful spot. A crowd, looked on as a whole, will probably always convey a suggestion of sadness with it. . . ." This same sanity is brought to the relation of a long chapter of family ills—sickness, crime, and even madness; and it is responsible for some admirably humorous scenes—one of rustics reminiscent of George Eliot's Loamshire folk, several of Dickensian crowds in the streets. In the treatment of two or three individuals, whose reactions and adjustments to the ills spoken of are the theme of the book, the author has succeeded in sympathetic characterization. The confession of the philosophic doubter at the end that his road is a blind and dark one beside that of faith is a natural and not a strained climax.

LETTERS OF A DOCTRINAIRE.

The Letters of Richard Henry Lee. Collected and edited by James Curtis Ballagh. Volume II: 1779-1794. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The present volume contains Lee's correspondence for a period of fifteen years; but the bulk of the letters were written in the years 1779-1781, 1784, 1785, and 1787-1790. The Lee-Deane controversy swells the correspondence of the first three years to 266 pages. Many of the letters of 1784 and 1785 were official letters which Lee wrote as President of Congress; while during the period from 1787 to 1790 the work of the Federal Convention was the occasion of many long communications. The second volume reveals the same excellence, in respect to the work of the editor, that was noted in the review of the first volume (*Nation*, September 11, 1911).

Von Sybel says of the Girondins that they attracted those for whom the Feuillants were too lukewarm and the Cordeliers too dirty. Certainly the Girondins were nothing if not fastidious and cleanly. They lived, not so much in the real world of Paris, as in an ideal state reconstructed from classical tradition and suffused with humanitarian sentiment. Their devotion to liberty was a literary enthusiasm; and if they invited martyrdom it was partly to prove that the spirit of Regulus still lived. But in the presence of Marat or Santerre, or even of Danton, they were extremely uncomfortable.

The American Revolution was not without its Girondins; and Richard Henry Lee, although he had a much firmer grasp of realities than Madame Roland, or men like Vergniaud or Gensonné, possessed many of their

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characteristics. He spoke their language, and he spoke it well. His oratory was finished and studied—a contemporary called it "elegant." He has the Girondin air of loving liberty because he had studied the classics. Faithful to Roman tradition, he christens his son "Cassius," and takes it as a good omen that at five months the youngster "seems to look as if he would be no lover of tyrants." What a powerful influence, indeed, had that word tyrant upon the minds of those literary radicals who loved their Plutarch! Forgetting its original meaning, they transformed all kings into tyrants and all tyrants into oppressors of the people. Over against all monarchical and aristocratic systems, conceived as the essence of political evil, they set an idealized Republic, whose vital principle, as Montesquieu had assured them, was *virtue;* a system which, by necessarily uniting all good men in opposition to all bad men, would therefore secure the happiness of mankind.

A clear-cut political philosophy like this was not ill suited to Lee. He had not a subtle mind, and was little given to introspection or the analysis of another men's motives. But he was proud and ambitious, yet withal of generous impulses—such a man as must needs serve a cause, not himself, that makes for righteousness. The conventional phrases of that age, which sound so hollow to our jaded ears, Lee employs with all the irritating complacence of the true *Philosophe.* And with entire sincerity. When he says, "The principle of republics being virtuous, and their conduct therefore squaring with justice," he is laying down a proposition which represents an ascertained and proved reality. He is not insincere, but only doctrinaire—one of those for whom politics is no mere practical art of composing conflicting interests, but a struggle for the unconditioned good against the powers of darkness.

It was this sense of being enlisted in a holy war that gave to the Revolution in its early stages a semi-religious character, and inspired the patriot party with that amazing assurance with which it entered into a conflict which must otherwise have seemed hopeless. Whatever the difficulties might be, so righteous a cause, it was thought, could not fail. "It is impossible," Lee writes to Washington in 1775, "that vice can so triumph over virtue, as that the slaves of Tyranny should succeed against the Assertors of Liberty and the just rights of humanity." The sentence reveals a splendid optimism, which is the prevailing tone of the letters during the early years, and which is one of the secrets of Lee's great influence. But Lee was one of those leaders whose influence declined during the war. The real struggle was so different from his conception of what it should be, from what it was to have been, that he could not readily adjust himself to it. Better acquainted with mankind than with men, he was not prepared for the waning enthusiasm, the sordid motives, the low intrigue, which were so apparent on every hand. He was amazed to find that true *Virtue,* the very foundation of his ideal republic, was rare indeed even among those who professed to serve the cause of liberty. The optimism of the first years, therefore, gives way to a certain disillusionment, a sense of betrayal, so that in 1779 he is in "despair of seeing virtue encouraged and protected, or vice frowned upon and punished." Lee never quite gave up the battle, but if he still stands at Armageddon it is with a less resolute courage, a less confident faith.

BUSINESS AS A SCIENCE.

Scientific Management: A Collection of the More Significant Articles Describing the Taylor System of Management. Edited by Clarence Bertrand Thompson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $4 net.

One of the difficulties confronting the man who would acquaint himself with the subject of scientific management has been the lack of a concise survey wherein he could find some definition of the term, some record of the successful application of this form of management to different industries, and a review of its origin and development both as theory and practice. A considerable literature has grown up about the subject; but most attempts at popularizing it have been condemned as shallow and misleading by prominent followers of F. W. Taylor. On the other hand, those books and articles which are authoritative deal for the most part with some particular phase of scientific management, or with some specific application. In a word, a suitable introduction to the bibliography of the subject has been lacking. This lack Mr. Thompson supplies to a considerable extent in his book.

In justice to him, it should be said that he does not state this as his purpose, saying, rather, that the volume is to serve as a supplement to the classical authorities: Taylor's "Shop Management," "Principles of Scientific Management," and "The Art of Cutting Metals," and Gantt's "Work, Wages, and Profits"—bringing them up to date, defining some of their terms more closely, and giving further insight into the development of scientific management as a theory, following its prior development as a practice under varying conditions. Furthermore this book is not a popular treatise, but consists of articles gathered from many sources and excerpts from the best books. Consequently it preserves the style, point of view, and interpretation of the original authors, whose purpose was not to write a popular treatise, but to converse with the reader as one scientist with another, largely in technical terms; either to instruct or to convince. Mr. Thompson calls them into court, as it were, to answer in their own words "a widespread demand for more detailed information regarding certain phases of scientific management than is given in these books" (Taylor's and Gantt's). He says, in another place, "The text and notes together cover nearly 90 per cent. of all that has been published on the subject in English." This statement, together with the twelve-page bibliography at the end of the book, indicates both the magnitude of Mr. Thompson's task and the debt owed to his patient and thorough sifting of the material. He has presented a library of the subject in 878 pages.

If read at all, the book should be read carefully page by page, from cover to cover. It is not for hasty skimming and sudden conclusions. The editor remains strictly an editor, he does not raise an issue or point a conclusion. But by selection and arrangement he achieves his purpose. That is, he brings out the lack of general knowledge of the subject, the confusion of terms responsible for some perhaps unjust criticism, the mistaking of the tools or of the formulæ for the thing itself, which has led to many failures, and the non-existence of agreement as to the relative value of different methods, practices, and principles involved in or related to the complex known as scientific management. Thus, as we read attempts at general definition by the author himself, by Forrest E. Cardullo, Henry P. Kendall, F. W. Taylor, Lieut. Frank Sterling, and others, we are struck by their dissimilarity, because, for the time being, one is thinking of the historical aspect, another of the logical; one of the practice, another of the theory; one of the general, another of the specific. But by including them all within our vision and getting them in perspective, we note a most impressive agreement on such essential questions as the following:

(1.) That the mental attitude of the managing executive is the most important single consideration—unless the responsibility is wholly delegated to an individual who has the correct attitude. The latter alternative, however, is not in accordance with Mr. Taylor's conception, which was a literal understanding of the words "scientific management" by those who ought so to manage, namely, the executive heads of the business. The significant point is that while these men regard scientific management in the business sense as a method of stimulating output, lowering cost of production, increasing wages, and improving the product simultaneously, they insist that it can only be done successfully by those who add the right motive to the method—*e. g.,* they must really *desire* to improve the product and accord fair treatment to the worker. This mental attitude further involves a willingness to learn, and to put operation on the basis of scientific determination of facts, accumulation and analysis of data, and the subsequent creation of standards, systems, methods, and so on—in a word, the substitution of exact knowledge for fallible judgment, as Forrest E. Cardullo says. Later in the book James M. Dodge gives very interesting testimony to the value of this change of attitude through the introduction of the Taylor system into the shops of the Link-Belt Company.

(2.) That there are two important aspects of scientific management, one involving the human equation and applying to the mental attitude of employers and workmen, se-

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lection of the right men for various duties, teaching, incentives, and so on; and the other involving a system of functional organization, time study, reports, printed forms, teaching methods, arrangement of plant, machines, and work, and many other elements. This latter aspect is the one most familiarly known as scientific management, but it is the skeleton of which the former is the spirit. Furthermore, this second phase is not a ready-made framework for any business, but must be adjusted to fit the body by time and hard work. Its elements are characteristic, but are secondary to certain principles which it would be out of place for us to define, and which the writers quoted assert must be learned by study and practice.

These various elements are, however, made the subject of separate chapters and treated in detail. Kendall is quoted on the functions of management in relation to unsystematized, systematized, and scientifically managed shops; the planning department is discussed by Hathaway; foremanship by an article from *Industrial Engineering;* slide rules by Barth; the graphical daily balance by Gantt; the tool-room by Kent; time study by Hathaway, and so on. A valuable chapter on Classification and Symbolization is contributed by the editor. Other articles deal with actual installations, wage systems, and relations to various labor problems, applications of scientific management to machine shops, railways, general business, retailing, women's work, etc. We could wish that more space had been given to standardization, relation of shop management to sales work, selection of employees, effects of scientific management upon plant equipment, arrangement of work, and other factors of efficiency. However, the book as a whole gives one an exposition of scientific management by those who are entitled to speak for it.

THE MAN WHO SAVED CALIFORNIA TO SPAIN.

Junípero Serra: The Man and His Work. By A. H. Fitch. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50 net.

If the Russians had owned the Pacific Coast down to Mexico it is not likely that they would have parted with the rest of it for a song as they did with Alaska, and one can easily imagine the complications that might have resulted to the United States. Fortunately, Spain owned our California for half a century; yet the conditions were such that she would have surely abandoned it, leaving the coast open to the Russians, had it not been for one man, a Franciscan friar, Junípero Serra, through whose herculean and indefatigable efforts the scale was turned repeatedly when the Spanish authorities in Mexico were about to give up this inaccessible region, at a time when it took almost as long to sail from Mexico to Upper California as it did from Spain to Mexico. This national importance of Junípero Serra as the preserver to Spain, and thereby indirectly to the United States, of the Pacific Coast, from San Diego to San Francisco, surely entitles him to the honor of a special biography, such as Mr. Fitch has now made of him. It is true that a "Vida" of the great missionary by his companion, Francisco Palou, was printed as long ago as 1787 and is now accessible in an English version; but the main object of this biography was to procure for its object recognition in the church as one of her saints. On the facts and interesting details presented in it, and on the same author's "Noticias de la Antigua y Nueva California," Mr. Fitch had to build his book, but from many other sources he has gathered an abundance of illustrative material which enabled him to make a true story read like a romance, and bears out the contention that biography leaves on the mind a more definite impression than any other form of historical writing.

Religion was the one absorbing passion of Serra's life. He had all the traits of a mediæval saint, including the passion for self-torturing, with which he awed his congregations. His bed consisted of a few planks, his food of the simplest viands that would sustain life. Though always frail in body, he made journeys of hundreds of miles on foot through deserted or perilous countries. He envied those of the missionaries who died the death of martyrs at the hands of savage Indians, but was fated to die on his planks at the ripe age of seventy-one. His aim in life was to save the souls of Indians, and when his license to confirm expired he had administered the sacrament to 5,036 persons and had baptized 5,800 Indians. Better than any one else, he knew how to allure the savages to his church, attracting them with food and clothes, and thus gradually gaining their confidence and faith. He personally taught the men to till the soil, the women to sew and cook. Of the daily life in the missions Mr. Fitch gives a graphic account, as well as of several encounters with hostile savages. Incidentally he presents some enticing pictures of fertile, lovely California, with its marvellously varied scenery and climate—a climate in which, at least in some regions, even fogs are healthful and exhilarating. Perhaps the author exaggerates the artistic value of the mission buildings, the ruins of which naturally interest all tourists for religious, sentimental, and historic reasons. He dwells not only on the hardships naturally endured by the missionaries as pioneers, but on their struggles with the military authorities who tried to wrest from them their prerogatives. And their leader in these contests was always Junípero Serra.

In short, one cannot but agree with the author that the early history of Upper California is the story of Serra's life. "He was the heart and soul of the conquest; whatever was done to further the cause of civilization in California during his life, was done by him. He had brought into existence nine missions, four presidios, and two pueblos."

Notes

J. M. Barrie's thumbnail sketches of Kirriemuir folk have been so well utilized by the artist, A. C. Michael, that it is pleasant to welcome a reissue (Scribner; $1.50) of his edition of "A Window in Thrums," with colored illustrations. The pictures of the native humorists and of simple domestic scenes are in harmony with the narrative, and have almost as much the air of having been studied from the life as has Barrie's inimitable talk. Of simple sincerity are also most of the illustrations which another English artist, George Wharton Edwards, has contributed to a rather commonplace book of travel from his own hand, "The Forest of Arden" (F. A. Stokes Company). The text was written to fill up the pages between the plates, obviously; and the author did not count on the new interest which now attaches to the picturesque country between Luxemburg and Liège. Some legends of Arden, gathered at first hand, fill out the book. Of more substantial literary quality is Edwin M. Bacon's "Rambles Around Boston" (Little, Brown: $3.50), with drawings by Lester G. Hornby. The book, if it occasionally lapses into guide-book preoccupation with thirty-three facts, displays an amazing amount of interesting antiquarian information, and the unassuming sketches are frequent enough to make visualization easily possible.

The title of Sinclair Kennedy's book, published now by Longmans, Green & Company ($1.75 net) when the question of race and nationality is so much in men's minds, but written before the present crisis, is "The Pan-Angles," its sub-title is "A Consideration of the Federation of the Seven English-Speaking Nations"; its ten chapters develop the argument implied in these phrases, with much force of historical illustration, but also with a deal of unnecessary repetition. Like most books with a thesis, it is three times too long, unless writers are bound to assume that endless reiteration is the only sure means of impressing the public. The seven nations considered are New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, Newfoundland, Canada, the British Isles, and the United States. They "hold in actual or allied control lands amounting to sixteen million square miles, with a population of five hundred and thirty-five million people, or thirty and thirty-three per cent., respectively, of the entire surface, and the entire population of the world. . . . In these seven nations more than one hundred and forty-one millions are white people, nearly all speaking the same language, and all enjoying individual liberty of substantial equality." Now those who understand the influence of words on practical affairs will immediately recognize the force of the fact that we have no single accepted and convenient name for this great body of men who, whatever may be their national differences, certainly have large sympathies and some interests in common. Whether Mr. Kennedy's suggestion of the name Pan-Angles will win a place for itself or not in general usage depends on many chance circumstances. It is not pretty, but it is convenient; and it at least calls attention to a need that has long been felt and often expressed.

Mr. Kennedy's plan for a federation of

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these seven nations carries us into more dubious matters. Yet, historically considered, it is in no sense new or startling. For many years there has been a good deal of talk about some sort of parliamentary alliance among the six Britannic peoples, though the word empire has been in men's mouths oftener than the word federation. Nothing very tangible in the way of governmental forms has come of this talk, but it has probably had direct results in the increased solidarity of the Empire as shown in the present crisis. A federal alliance between these six nations and the United States is, no doubt, for the moment at least, hard to conceive. Yet it is a fancy, after all, not without support in history. A federation of England and America was the dream of Franklin, a man practical enough in all conscience, though fate was against him then; and Governor Pownall, one of the wisest of the British colonial administrators, cherished the same hope. The Revolution put an end to such plans for many years, perhaps for ever; but natural sympathy and understanding mean much in international relations, and these have recently shown a remarkable power of increase, a strength, indeed, of which we were scarcely aware until our eyes were opened by the shock of the European war.

To discuss in sober seriousness such questions as Mr. Kennedy has proposed for solution is to lay oneself open to the charge of folly and impertinence; it is like trying to converse on equal terms with Destiny. But his method of approach is conciliatory. He speaks little of race, and much of language; and certainly the great binding force among men is in their speech, rather than in their blood. The Pan-Angles are composed of many races and are likely in time to grow even more heterogeneous in this respect, but if they continue to speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton, of Burke and Lincoln, they are bound to be held together, and to become more and more one people, by the all-conquering attraction of ideas. So also Mr. Kennedy is wise in offering no definite scheme of federation. His nearest approach to such a scheme is the proposal, tentatively thrown out, of a common flag and a federal capital. The latter he places preferably in a neutral spot between Canada and the United States, and it must be admitted that this touch of precision seems immediately to throw the whole question into the realm of Utopian speculation. It is not likely, of course, that such a book as this will have any immediate and practical effect, beyond enraging a few Irish and German Americans, but its appearance is nevertheless a sign of the times, and deeply significant.

The principal objection to Will S. Monroe's "Bulgaria and Her People" (Boston: The Page Co.; $3 net)—and at the same time something of a recommendation, perhaps—is the fact that, instead of writing his own opinions, he has chosen to clip his data baldly from official reports and the standard works of reference. As a result of such methods, he has prepared a work which is rather more authoritative than the usual travel-book, but he has paid a heavy price in loss of personal interest and first-hand observation. He deserves special commendation, however, for interesting chapters on Bulgarian Folksongs and Music, Modern Bulgarian Literature, and Painting and Sculpture. The first two of these fields especially are deserving of wider study than has yet been accorded them. As a rule, the author seems to be accurate in his statements, but he errs in asserting that Aleko Constantinoff's notable satire, "Baï Ganio," has never been translated into English. Chapters on the recent Balkan wars will be found satisfactory, if somewhat pro-Bulgarian. It is to Professor Monroe's credit that he has gone for his data on this phase of history to the Carnegie Commission's report. The illustrations are copious, and there are several satisfactory maps.

In "Charles Stewart Parnell" (Holt; $3 net), by his brother, John Howard Parnell, we have a family memoir of a most engaging kind. One must not look in it for the philosophy of the Irish Home Rule movement, or even for accurate political history. The author, who is now upwards of seventy, writes from memory, and falls easily into errors in the matter of dates and the connection of events; but he does give us an uncolored though loving picture of the Irish leader in habit as he was at home. The simple affection of the narrative may be inferred from the fact that throughout the book he speaks of Parnell as "Charley." And upon the latter's inner nature and the springs of his public action he throws a great deal of direct light. To single out only one trait, he lets us see that Parnell's glacial calm was partly character, partly calculation. Once when he passed his brother in the midst of an excited crowd, through which Parnell was moving with an air of kingly indifference, the latter slyly gave John a fraternal wink. It was as much as to say: "See how well I am playing my rôle of utter impassivity!" The most audacious display of this was at the time when Parnell, at a great public meeting, received the £40,000 which the Irish people had raised to free him from pecuniary embarrassment. He took the check, quietly folded it, and put it in his pocket, and made not the slightest reference to it! Significant details like this dot the unpretentious volume, which, for its unaffectedness and very innocence, is of an interest and value beyond what can be found in many a more ambitious book.

With a typically incongruous turn, Mr. Simeon Strunsky entitles his latest volume "Belshazzar Court, or Village Life in New York City" (Holt; $1.25 net). Readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* will recognize most of these "field notes" on the New Yorker in his apartment house or on the street, in the theatre or at the baseball park. To the cosmopolitan these covertly serious essays will present a humorous picture of life as it is endured in Manhattan. To the Gothamite they will seem a brilliant review of familiar but unregarded phases of his own existence. For they are indeed packed with shrewd, often penetrating, observation of public manners and homely customs. Most readers may be more taken with the writer's fresh, quaint, witty, or hyperbolical way of putting things, since he has made his chief bid for popularity as a humorist. He has, to be sure, a sharp eye for the inconsistencies and insincerities of both our conduct and our ideals, and it must be conceded that there is seldom a dull page in all his wandering remarks. But his pleasantry is not the jolly English humor of eccentricity, with laughter holding both his sides, nor is it the hearty American humor of exaggeration, artfully leading up to some surprising or grotesque conclusion. It is an intellectual humor that plays around ideas, finding an unexpected truth in apparent absurdity. In all likelihood, therefore, the discriminating conner of Mr. Strunsky's paragraphs will set greatest store by the restless light of reason that flashes upon or lingers about every topic considered. By Matthew Arnold his lucubrations would surely be pronounced literature, for the criticism of life is always just beneath the rippling, eddying surface of the style. His is far from being the easy paradoxical scintillation of the social revolutionist. On the contrary, the author plays the doubting Thomas with regard to most of the educational, theatrical, and other fads with which our progressive age is rife. He even complacently pokes fun at Bernard Shaw—with roguish inconsistency, seeing that in his own volume the pages have to be cut at the bottom. In fine, the rare quality of the book is not so much the humor as the suggestive quality of the thought.

Undertaken, at the request of the present Duke of Marlborough, as a biography of "the imperious Sarah," Mr. Stuart J. Reid's "John and Sarah, Duke and Duchess of Marlborough" (Scribner) was "expanded, on second thoughts," as the author tells us, "to cover the career of John Duke in the years of his unequalled military ascendency." In the introduction contributed by the present Duke, we learn the true object of the work, to wit, "a complete vindication of Marlborough . . . a reopening of the question which Macaulay regarded as settled forever," and a "more sympathetic consideration of the political ideas of the man who was the villain of Macaulay's piece." The book, then, is in the nature of an *apologia*, and it is much more candid and vastly better written than most of its kind. As regards the necessity for the work, it will at once occur to the reader that the verdict of the great Victorian writer has been long since discounted. As John Stuart Mill put it, Macaulay's volumes might be pleasant reading, but they were not exactly history. Nevertheless, although the book may contain little that is absolutely new, yet it presents, in compact form, certain facts, well attested by contemporary evidence, that go far to set a great national hero right in the eyes of his countrymen, at a time when new national heroes are in the making. The two principal aspersions on the Duke's character are imputations of interested disloyalty and of inordinate ambition—nothing less than an attempt to prolong the war for his own selfish ends, and a design to make himself dictator and even to succeed Anne on the throne. According to our author, Marlborough's apparent habit of having a foot in either camp is explained by his loyalty—not to any one person, but to the Protestant religion as essential to the welfare of England. There is, indeed, much in the documents quoted to bear out this contention, though efforts to transfer the halo of "Protestant hero" from William to the Duke may well provoke a smile. His private letters to his wife, replete with his weariness of the war, amply dispose of the second accusation. As for Sarah Duchess, in spite of some new and not uninteresting matter from the Blenheim papers, she remains, at the end of the story, much as we have always known her. The old imputations on her honesty and virtue have been long since disproved, and she

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still looms from out the past, a woman of great parts marred by excess of "temperament." Had the book been, as at first intended, merely a biography of the Duchess, it would probably not have been worth writing. As it is, it is distinctly worth reading by any one interested in the political history of the times, and in the life and character of the dominant figure in a critical period of the annals of England.

Mr. A. S. Crapsey's book, "The Rise of the Working Class" (Century; $1.30 net), is little more than a translation of Marxian Socialism into that fervid language which enshrines so much of the modern product of uplift and "new thought," although it is but fair to say that this particular specimen is above the average so far as style is concerned. As a statement of this particular *Weltanschauung* "The Rise of the Working Class" will undoubtedly please a good many people who do not already know their Marx and who like to read their economics, their science, their philosophy, and their religion as they run. The author's dogmatic method of treatment, the sweeping grandeur of his generalizations, the entire "modernity" of his point of view (evidenced particularly in the chapters on Working Class Religion and Working Class Morality), and the hortatory tone in which all is expressed should appeal to that part of the public which is intolerant of the sustained mental effort that is necessary in the case of ordinary economic reading.

The attempt of Herbert A. Smith to formulate "The Law of Associations, Corporate and Unincorporate" (Oxford University Press; 6 shillings net) was worth making, albeit the author, at the outset of his task, expresses doubt of its success, and at its close admits his achievement of "only negative results." His attempt is not quite as novel as he fancies it to be. In at least one American law school, a similar venture has been in progress for a number of years. The law of corporations is not dealt with as a body of rules entirely distinct from those making up the law of partnership. On the contrary, the view is maintained, that sound juristic theory requires the development of a law of associations, which shall include every form of group action—every case where two or more persons are associated together for any kind of lawful activity. How successful this venture has proved, the writer cannot say; but he has not discovered any publications by the apostles of this doctrine which have sensibly affected, much less revolutionized, juristic thought. One of the best chapters in this essay is that on Criminal Liability. Only a small section of it is devoted to the criminal liability of partnerships, clubs, or other unincorporated associations, and the results of this part of the discussion are not only negative, but negligible. These group-forms do not commit crimes as groups, and are not indictable as groups. The criminal liability in such cases is that of the individual members of the groups. On the other hand, the corporation may be indicted for criminal misconduct and punished therefor, although its officers and agents may also be answerable individually in criminal proceedings for the corporate misconduct in which they have taken part. Certainly, this chapter contains nothing to sustain the thesis that there is a body of common legal principles governing the various forms of associations. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that any one can rise from the perusal of this essay with the conviction that the law of corporations, the law of partnership, the law of clubs, and the law of domestic relations can be synthesized into a law of associations.

Prof. William M. Sloane's "Party Government in the United States of America" (Harper; $2 net) is, in the main, a translation and revision of the lectures given in German at Berlin and Munich, in 1912-13, while the author held the Roosevelt professorship. The lectures, based frankly upon the works of Johnston, Bryce, and Ford, cover rapidly the constitutional period, and do not show particular excellence in purely historical matters. From the point of view of parties and party development, however, the book is distinctly stimulating, not infrequently exhibiting keen insight and exceptional powers of generalization and interpretation. These latter qualities are most noticeable when the author comes to deal with the period since the Civil War; for while the mere historical narrative, it must be confessed, becomes increasingly a catalogue of events, the broader lines of party activity, the formulation and execution of party policies, the influence of personal leadership, and the frequent contrast between public opinion and party action are as a whole strikingly elucidated. Professor Sloane is refreshingly free from illusions and prepossessions. He touches with equal firmness and courage the weaknesses of Jefferson, the substantial merits of Van Buren, the solid qualities of Cleveland, and the political inconsistencies of Wilson. Yet we cannot help wondering what impression the German audiences which first heard these lectures formed of American politics and American government. Professor Sloane's skilful omission of what is merely local or provincial in our national annals helps the picture as a whole, at the same time that it hardly disguises the fact that, from the European point of view, American parties and party leaders have often been curiously timid and parochial, that legislation has often responded but slowly to public opinion, and that leaders in the Federal sphere have often shown slight conviction of what they wanted to accomplish. Lord Bryce's famous remark that Americans excel other peoples in their skill in making the best of bad conditions tells a good deal of the story, after all. We do not say this in order to disparage Professor Sloane's interesting book, but only to suggest that it is time some equally competent and thoughtful writer, surveying the whole field of our political development, pointed out how American government can perform its great tasks with appreciably more certainty and consistency.

One would have said that it would be impossible at this date to write a book about golf that could make even a pretence to novelty, but Henry Leach has come pretty near doing it in "The Happy Golfer" (Macmillan; $1.75 net). It is an agreeable mélange of story and advice, travel and description. Few can have made pilgrimages to so many distant links as this Englishman. He includes the courses of Italy and Spain, and has played on the most notable ones of the United States. To the latter, indeed, he devotes the major part of his volume. On the whole, he says a good word for American golf. Especially of our clubhouses does he speak with something like envy. He refers to the long railway rides between links in this country, but at one point he must have been misled, or else have got his notes mixed. On the way to Chicago he went into his sleeper after passing Albany, about ten o'clock, and "was just falling into some sort of doze in the small hours of the morning when the train pulled up sharply at a station which I discovered to be Schenectady, where the famous putter that disturbed the peace of two nations was born." That must have been the longest seventeen miles ever travelled.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

When the war is over, constitutional lawyers will have an interesting task in sorting out and annotating the innovations that have been made in British constitutional practice during the emergency. Prof. A. F. Pollard has called attention to one that might otherwise have escaped notice. The Prime Minister has been questioned as to the status of two British peers, the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland, who are also German dukes, and are now in arms against England. He has explained that, since the war began, no "writs of summons" have been issued to these two peers. This has an important bearing on the much-debated question whether a seat in the House of Lords depends technically upon heredity or upon the receipt of a writ of summons. The effect, however, of a series of decisions by the House of Lords itself has been to deprive the Crown of all discretion in the issue of writs to persons entitled to peerages by heredity. Professor Pollard points out that the recovery and exercise of this discretion by the Crown is a matter of some constitutional importance.

For the most grewsome illustrations of what war really means one must turn not to the rhetorical descriptions of special correspondents, but to the matter-of-fact technical reports appearing week by week in such professional organs as the *British Medical Journal*. That paper mentions, for instance, that a London hospital has under treatment cases of mental derangement in officers who have suffered no bodily injury. One acquires a new sense, too, of the effect of modern artillery from accounts of serious results—deafness, dumbness, and nervous troubles—due to the mere concussion of the air when shells explode. From the same source we learn that the infections of wounds in Belgium and northern France are of a character hitherto unknown to British bacteriologists. The soil in these intensively cultivated districts has been thoroughly manured for an untold number of years, and teems with tetanus and other anaërobic organisms. Men stand for hours in trenches dug out of this soil, and get their hands and clothing caked with mud. Consequently the wound and the infection are caused simultaneously, for every missile that hits a man carries it with it millions of anaërobes.

Alessandro D'Ancona, Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, and for fifty years professor of Italian literature in the University of Pisa, died on November 8. He was born in Pisa in 1835, and received his early education in Florence; as he himself has said, students of Italian literature at that time had to be their own teachers. He engaged in literary and journalistic work, and took part in the

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political movements leading to the war of 1859. In 1860 he became professor at Pisa, and he retained this position until forced by advancing age to resign. His publications, noteworthy no less for their quality than for their number, cover all phases of literary history. Several of them are standard authorities in their field, such as "Le Origini del teatro in Italia" (2d edition, 1891) and "La Poesia popolare italiana" (2d edition, 1905). The memorial volume dedicated to him in 1901 enumerates 724 of his publications; the list would be much longer today. His style is charming, his scholarship both broad and accurate, his criticisms, like those of Gaston Paris, are remarkable both for their learning and for their urbanity. In 1893 he founded the *Rassegna bibliografica della letteratura italiana,* which he edited until 1910, being succeeded by his pupil and colleague, Francesco Flamini. He recently revised and collected many of his important earlier writings, such as "Scritti danteschi," "Studi di letteratura popolare," etc. He was an honorary member of the Modern Language Association of America, and his name is familiar to all students of Italian literature.

JUVENILE BOOKS.—II.

We never quite lose recollection of early enthusiasms, and so it was that we found ourselves rooting among the pile of books on our desk for Douglas B. Armstrong's "The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting" (Stokes). And there was certain juvenile zest left in us for the subject. Here is a manual written from the English standpoint, but none the less significant to the American enthusiast. How stamps are made, how their value is determined, and many other fascinating topics are treated by the author of this fully illustrated book. We remember, too, a once strong desire to be an engineer, and instinctively our hands reach out for "The Wonder Book of Railways" (Stokes). Here again we find an English importation, with graphic pictures of the best-known trains running from London every day, and the system of safety protection in vogue. Here and there are interspersed some appropriate jingles and stories, but generally the text deals specifically with the technical side of the operation of railways.

From good picture books to good pictures is only a step, and at an early age children should be taken to the museums for stories concerning some of the best-known canvases. Mrs. Head's "How to Enjoy Pictures" (Stokes) will interest the older girl and boy who may desire to know something of the life and style of the world's greatest painters. Schools would find a book of this character well suited to advanced classes. Ellison Hawks's "The Boys' Book of Astronomy" (Stokes), historically and technically, appears to be a complete treatise for the young investigator. Each chapter is well illustrated. Another Stokes publication is Royal Dixon's "The Human Side of Plants," which is an investigation into the individual habits of the plant world. In a very readable fashion, the author tells of those plants that sleep, walk, swim, dance; that defend themselves by changing color or attacking. Many pictures adequately illustrate the text.

"Stories from Browning," by Verney Cameron Turnbull (Crowell), is intended "as a grounding for younger readers," who, the author hopes, "will go straight from these tales to the poems on which they are based." Whether they will always recognize the latter is doubtful, in view of the expansion of "Tray's" forty-five lines into ten pages. Mary C. Sturgeon's "Women of the Classics" (Crowell) merits attention for its full-page photogravures from originals by Lord Leighton (Helen, Andromache, Alcestis), Patten Wilson, Gertrude Demain Hammond, and others.

An original conception of the informative narrative is revealed in T. Brailsford Robertson's "The Universe and the Mayonnaise" (Lane). The author begins with the assertion that the universe is indeed like mayonnaise, illustrating in its action just what takes place when oil is dropped into the yolk of egg. Then he proceeds to discuss the world we live in, beginning each chapter in a way to catch the interest of his reader, before settling down to concrete instruction. One may prefer the fount of knowledge undefiled, but Mr. Robertson's treatment is decidedly ingenious. "How Man Conquered Nature," by Minnie J. Reynolds (Macmillan), describes the slow evolution of civilization through the mastering of those agents which nature offers.

Every year books are issued especially for busy little fingers, and such manuals do service most when the day is rainy and children are forced to remain in the house. The nursery shelf will be the richer for the suggestions contained in Patton Beard's "The Jolly Book of Boxcraft" (Stokes). Many will probably remember H. G. Wells's splendid game of War, which was described when there was peace abroad, and time for such sport. The present volume contains directions akin to Wells's, though Boxville is a peaceful village, given over to the arts and crafts of peace. All the fun may be obtained from common shoe-boxes; they may be so cut and so arranged as to furnish the whole space of floor-land with hotels, railway stations, and furniture. The only tool necessary for the enjoyment of Clifford Leon Sherman's "The Dot Book" (Houghton Mifflin) is a very soft pencil, and it does not matter whether you are an artist or not. If you know how to count up to a hundred, then you will find it easy to make straight lines between the various dots scattered through twenty-five pages of a quaint and clever book. Rose O'Neill's "The Kewpie Kutouts" (Stokes) will prove a welcome gift for young children. A sharp pair of scissors must be used to snip out the insert color pages, which contain, not only a complete set of Kewpie characters, fore and aft, but likewise their costumes, for ordinary, party, and garden wear.

A series of stories was begun last year which attempted, in fictional manner, to describe the characteristic customs and ideals of the children of other nations. The volumes added this year are four in number, published by Dutton. Our attention is first drawn to "A Boy in Eirinn," by Padraic Colum, the Irish playwright. There is so much reference to Irish history and folklore that it has been found necessary to place notes at the end of the book. Many legends are interspersed through the text, and there is an Irish play simply written, so that it can be presented by schoolboys. Laura Spencer Portor has written "Genevieve," a story of French school days. We have also Margarethe Müller's "Elsbeth," which portrays home life in Germany, with notes, and poems, and music towards the end, and a sufficient sprinkling of German phrases and verses to give atmosphere. These stories are all peaceful and gentle in spirit, and Florence Converse, the editor of the series, introduces each volume with a species of intimate letter, which gives the setting, and makes the reader appreciate what America may expect of the hopeful immigrant.

"When I Was a Boy in Palestine" (Lothrop) is by Mousa J. Kaleel, and is a first-hand narrative of life and customs in the East. It is one of a series of Children of Other Lands. With the idea that a girl and boy could do no better than spend a vacation in profitable travel, Margaret Williamson started last year taking her hero and heroine through England and Scotland on a personally conducted tour. This year she publishes the account of "John and Betty's Irish History Visit" (Lothrop), with numberless photographs reproduced. The style is of the conversational Baedeker kind, and there are encyclopædic stretches of information.

Next to travels in a strange land come the fairy tales of a strange people. "Forty-four Turkish Fairy Tales" (Crowell) have been set down by Dr. Ignacz Kanos, and well illustrated by Willy Pogány. The pictures are excellent, and the format of the book—except for a sharpness of typography—is attractive. We may also mention the charming Pogány Toy Books put forth by Henry Holt & Company at fifty cents. Robinson Crusoe, Red Riding Hood, Hiawatha, The Three Bears, and The Children at the Pole, unfold before the juvenile reader in accordion form with pictures by Willy Pogány on one side and text on the other.

Some very inexpensive and attractive importations bear the imprint of Frederick A. Stokes. They are to be commended, first of all, because of their artistic covers, and then because of their clear, large print. We like also the selections made for the entire set of books grouped under the general title "Stories We Love." What the editor thinks these stories are may be measured by the selections already made. Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" has never been better handled in pictures for young folk than by Charles Robinson, whose color work and line drawings are full of freedom and imagination. We also commend Grimm's "The Ogre with the Three Golden Hairs." In addition there are Mark Lemon's "The Enchanted Doll," Ouida's "Moufflou," which, though containing much of the tenderness of "A Dog of Flanders," does not compare with it in exceptional beauty of treatment, and "Sindbad the Sailor." Stokes also imports a series entitled "In Days of Old," which might appropriately carry the second part of the old song, "when knights were bold." Arthur O. Cooke's "Stories of Rome" should appeal to the boy even before he has begun to study Latin, and should whet his appetite for Roman history. Henry Gilbert, with the old ballads ringing in his ears, and fitly accompanied by the brilliantly colored brush of Walter Crane, has retold the story of "Robin Hood and His Merry Men." Dorothy King does good service for the "Stories of Scotland," and in similar graphic manner Mr. Cooke has fictionized significant stories in the history of France.

Two volumes representative of opposite types of nature-books are before us. The first is by C. H. Claudy, and is called "Tell-Me-Why Stories About Animals" (McBride).

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Evidently the author of the "Tell-Me-Why" books agrees with the method, even though he has not the art displayed by Kipling in his "Just-So Stories." More nearly in accord with the legitimate style of nature-work is Jean M. Thompson's "Wild Kindred of Fur, Feather, and Fin" (Wilde), but there is a tendency on the part of the author to slip into the reminiscent style of Charles G. D. Roberts and W. J. Long. The chief complaint lodged against this style is that it is not strictly accurate. But we contend that for children such books instil a feeling for nature which is not to be found in the regulation natural history or botany. In her usual manner, Margaret W. Morley adds to her already goodly list of nature books "Will o' the Wasp" (McClurg), which, though it does not vie with Maeterlinck's "The Life of the Bee," will at least give the young reader some definite ideas regarding the habits and mining qualities of these strange little insects. The style is conversational, almost as tiresome to the grown-up reviewer as it must be to the child.

Two annuals are sent us for review. There is "Stokes's Wonder Book," with the usual medley of pictures, prose, and verse, and there is "Dutton's Holiday Annual," of the same pattern and nondescriptness. We have had better editions of "Old-Time Nursery Rhymes" (Dutton), and, though we recognize the excellent touch of Gordon Robinson in the line drawings, their daintiness has somehow been spoiled by the manner of their reproduction. We welcome a modern poet for children in the person of Abbie Farwell Browne. Her "Songs of Sixpence" (Houghton) is a charming volume, with many felicitous expressions of childhood.

Still for the younger children, one of the notable issues is "The Jessie Willcox Smith Mother Goose" (Dodd, Mead), boasting three hundred more rhymes than have ever been put into one of these collections before and illustrated with many pictures in color and still more in black and white. Older readers will be interested in the historical introduction and in the comparatively small section containing all the rhymes that appeared in the first known edition of "Mother Goose." Other rhyming books are "My 1, 2, 3 Book" (Dutton), which is intended to familiarize its little readers with some of the mysteries of numbers below 12; "The Which Book," by David Cory (Platt & Peck), designed to impress the advantages of cheerfulness; "Fairy Surprise Pictures" (Dutton), with verses by L. L. Weedon, and "Let's Go to the Zoo!" (Duffield), written and illustrated by Grace G. Drayton. In prose are David Cory's "Mother Nature's Cheerful Children" (Platt & Peck), in which plants and birds talk; Lady Moreton's adaptation from the Spanish of Padre Luis Coloma's "Perez, the Mouse" (John Lane; 35 cents), with noteworthy illustrations in color by George Howard Vyse, a dainty little volume; Martha Strong Turner's "Strange Playmates," with illustrations by Grace Quackenbush (Duffield), and Mary A. Hay's "The Peggy and Pussy Book," with amusing pictures (Duffield). Richard Waylett's verses in "A Box of Crackers," "Mixed Pickles," and "A Basket of Plums" (Dutton) are often intended for more highly sophisticated intelligences than those of children, but the latter will enjoy some of them and the pictures by Lawson Wood, John Hassall, and others. From the Page Company, of Boston, we have "The Island of Make-Believe," by Blanche Elizabeth Wade. The book is avowedly for little tots, as both the text and the illustrations, some of them in color, make sufficiently clear. But it is full of the "let's pretend" fancy which all children like to indulge.

There are one or two little books that tell pleasant Christmas tales, like "The Blossoming Rod," by Mary Stewart Cutting (Doubleday). The Revells have issued Winifred Arnold's "Little Merry Christmas," which narrates what a small heroine did to soften the heart of a regular hard, New England uncle, who was seemingly flint in make-up, and aloof from his neighbors. For almost-grown and for full-grown readers, some Yuletide pleasure may be obtained from two stories by Leona Dalrymple, entitled "Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration" and "Uncle Noah's Christmas Party." Both of them are issued by McBride.

But literally and literarily speaking, we fear that the old-fashioned Christmas has disappeared from juvenile literature. *St. Nicholas Magazine* generally has a special cover design for the holiday season, and there is snow upon it, and a few sleighs and sleigh-bells somewhere in the picture. But in most cases we get only a sprig of holly. Where are the song books that publishers used to bring out; the carols? This is the first year in a long while that we have failed to get Dickens's classic "Tiny Tim" in some form. A faint idea of what we should like to see is gleaned from a dramatization of Kate Douglas Wiggin's "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (Houghton), with stage directions for the amateur. The school looking for something to present at the Christmas celebration could do no better than examine this little play.

Science

The distinguished author of "Artificial Parthenogenesis and Fertilization" (University of Chicago Press; $2.50 net) has been an important figure among the group of men and women whose work has given to America a leading place in the field of experimental biology. Prof. Jacques Loeb is a prolific and original investigator, but probably his most striking contribution is the discovery of methods of producing artificial parthenogenesis, that is to say, of causing the eggs of certain animals to develop without fertilization by the sperm. In bisexual animals, the egg-cell of the female after maturation, leaving aside some special cases, is not capable of further development unless it unites with the sperm-cell of the male, a union that is designated as fertilization—in fact, as Loeb emphasizes in this book, the unfertilized ovum is destined to undergo a somewhat speedy natural death. On the contrary, if fertilization takes place, the egg begins to multiply by segmentation, and step by step, or, rather, cell by cell, to build up an animal organism similar to that of the parents. The act of fertilization induces a profound change in the processes within the egg, and it may be easily understood that since this fact was known biologists have regarded it as one of the fundamental phenomena which their science must hope to explain. What Loeb has accomplished is to prove that the egg-cell when treated by certain simple physico-chemical procedures, acts as though it had been fertilized. Instead of dying, it goes on developing along the path that is normal to it.

The most successful of Loeb's methods of artificial fertilization consists in treating the eggs, first, with a fatty acid (*e. g.*, butyric acid), and, subsequently, with a strong (hypertonic) salt solution. The first treatment leads to the formation of a fertilization membrane round the egg, and thereby starts its development, while the second treatment supplies a corrective factor that prevents the disintegration of the egg. Although the mode of action of these solutions remains a matter for speculation and experiment, the possibility of artificial fertilization is a matter of prime importance to the biologist, because it transfers the process from its former mysterious surroundings to the clearer and simpler condition of a physico-chemical reaction that may be studied and modified by precise experimental procedures. The book under review describes the steps and reasoning by which the author was led to this discovery. His account is not written for the general reader, but for his fellow-scientists, and even they may find it difficult at times to follow the thread of the story. This latter difficulty is perhaps due more to a defect in presentation than to any intrinsic complexity in the methods used, for it must be admitted that the author has not an especially attractive style. To the specialist this lack will be a matter of small importance, for the book contains the solid substance of many years' laborious and successful work.

In contrast to the attention given to martial instruction and discipline, little heed has been taken by military administration of the preservation, rather than the restoration, of the health of troops in garrison and in the field. Now, however, it is recognized that muskets are better than muster-rolls as a measure of force, and that the sick-list, the morbidity, of a command is an important limitation to the efficiency of an army; and the prevention of disease, the hygiene of war and that of peace as preliminary thereto, is formally taught with gradually increasing particularity and stress. Lieut.-Col. Frank R. Keefer, of the Medical Corps of the army, whose detail to the professorship of military hygiene at West Point has very recently expired under the regulation governing such assignments, has put forth an admirable presentation of the subject ("A Textbook of Military Hygiene and Sanitation." Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.; $1.50 net). This is a common-sense and very practical explanation of what should and what should not be done by officers and men under them, in order to promote military efficiency. The whole text is good, very good, when its scope is borne in mind, the chapters on Disposal of Wastes, Tropical Service, and Alcohol and Other Narcotics in particular. The soldier, after all, is an able-bodied laborer marked out for a special service. The fundamental conditions that influence his health are identical with those that affect other communities of workers. Hence the necessity of teaching him physiological laws. Next to the cadets, for whom it has been prepared, this little book should be most valuable to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the National Guard, who may develop into volunteers. It is the latest, the most easily understood, and the most practical of treatises on the care of troops, the essence of military hygiene. Ignorance in officers and unconcern by men towards these inconspicuous essentials put

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volunteers, equally brave, and frequently on a higher intellectual and social plane, in a different class from regulars. Drill is the beginning, not the end. The officer's watchful oversight should regulate the soldier's daily life, until he recognizes the dignity and value of intelligent self-control. The recruit, boasting that he enlisted to fight and recalcitrant towards any duty not with arms, is the unit of a mob, not of an army. The more that information like this is absorbed by the people, the sooner will the sciolistic pacifist understand that a man in uniform with a gun is not necessarily a soldier, capable to suppress disorder or repel attack.

Unquestionable as is the value of this work, it has superficial blemishes that might be eliminated. Thus, on pp. 74, 76, biological discoveries of great clinical value are truly attributed to a British and a French army medical officer. Why should not Ronald Ross and Alphonse Laveran be designated by name? On p. 68, Almroth Wright is not, as it seems he might be, noted as the pioneer in the study of the "antibodies," so important in the prevention of typhoid fever. Such names deserve to be drawn out of the ruck. In that connection, without being a purist, one still may take exception to "vaccinate" and "vaccination" as describing the means of prevention of other diseases than smallpox. It is true that abundant precedent may be found in the writings of "scientists" who have small regard for etymology; but the cow, a legitimate sponsor for true vaccination, should not be credited with the whole range of preventive inoculation. A proof-reader's neglect makes "Wylie" (p. 261) do duty for Wiley, but the author himself seems to have overlooked the specific effect on the nervous system, above the overcharge of alcohol, in the malignant absinthe (p. 261). These and other minor matters, omissions as a rule, may well be forgiven as venial in this first edition.

"The Mason-Bees" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net), by J. Henri Fabre, is a selection of chapters from the "Souvenirs entomologiques," especially from the early part. Together with a projected volume on "The Bramble-Bees and Others," it will form an extended study of the wild bee. One of the most effective chapters is that entitled Reflections Upon Insect Psychology, in which Fabre arrives at the usual conservative conclusion in the reason-versus-instinct controversy. Much of the book deals with tirelessly pursued field experiments. If the reader does not follow the discussion carefully, he is soon hopelessly lost; if he does, he is indeed fascinated. M. Fabre's gracious, nimble style is precisely the medium demanded by the subject. Here is the mason-bee just returned home: "Over waving corn, over fields all pink with sainfoin, she has covered the two miles and a half and here she is, back at the nest, after foraging on the way, for the doughty creature arrives with her abdomen yellow with pollen." She discovers a strange bee in her nest: "What's this? I'll teach you!" A desperate chase ensues, and the interloper is finally vanquished. "Reversing the savage Prussian maxim, 'Might is right,' among the Mason-bees right is might, for there is no other explanation of the invariable retreat of the usurper, whose strength is not a whit inferior to that of the real owner." The translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, has maintained the high standard set in the previous volumes. The proofreading, however, is defective.

Drama and Music

"AT THE BARN."

The second piece in Miss Marie Tempest's répertoire of plays, which was produced last week at the Comedy Theatre, is a pleasant and amusing little light comedy, admirably presented, but without any of the structural excellence which distinguished its predecessor, "Mary Goes First." The author, Anthony P. Wharton, somewhat disarms criticism on the ground of the absolute unreality of the initial idea of his play by describing it as "'an idyll." Certainly the situation in "At the Barn" makes somewhat violent demands on credulity. Into the masculine peace of a country house, where three men are living a decorous bachelor existence, intrudes a feminine creature of infinite charm. A theatrical lady, she has been motoring with an angelic peer—angelic in the theatrical sense; the motor has broken down and the lady, being exceedingly tired of her lord's society, wanders away to "The Barn," and, liking her surroundings, decides to stay there. In the course of the play it develops that her connection with the peer is the result of a bargain struck some time ago; the peer, through his wealth and influence, was to give her the opportunity on the stage that her talents deserved, and she, after he had fulfilled his part of the compact, was to pay the price. When the play opens she has had her opportunity and made good use of it, but as the time for payment approaches she finds herself regretting the bargain. Accordingly, to think things over, she decides to stay for three weeks with the defenceless bachelors upon whom she has unceremoniously descended. The obvious solution is reached in an honorable attachment between herself and her host, the owner of "The Barn."

After starting with an utterly unreal situation, it must be said that the author has done his best to make it appear as little preposterous as possible. The situations are cleverly conceived and the dialogue is vivacious. As interpreted by Miss Marie Tempest and an exceedingly competent company, the piece is decidedly entertaining. The rôle of Molly Blair affords Miss Tempest the opportunity of displaying a greater variety of mood than did the Mary in "Mary Goes First." In particular, the part gives occasion for one really notable piece of acting. That is at the end of the first act, where Molly sits alone at a tea-table, the bachelors having refused tea and denied themselves her company. For fully two minutes of silence before the curtain goes down Miss Tempest is divided between the attractions of the cake she holds in her hand and the impulse to dissolve into tears. The latter finally wins, as the curtain descends, but in the meanwhile the audience has seen a pantomimic study which in its own way is unsurpassed.

The general performance was smoother than in "Mary Goes First," possibly because the type of comedy required a less subtle understanding. Excellent impersonations were given by Franklin Dyall and Guy Newall as James B. Crane and William Lewis, two of the bachelors, the performance of the former in particular standing out as a sympathetic and well-studied characterization. The Kenneth Maxwell of A. E. Anson was an interesting but somewhat elusive performance. Intellectually, it appeared irreproachable, and Mr. Anson's finished technique is as rare in these days as it is delightful; but the performance lacked warmth, and failed to convey to the audience the conviction, which was essential, that Maxwell throughout was unwillingly falling in love with the pert intruder on his peace. W. Graham Browne brought out nicely the conflicting elements in the character of Lord Clonbarry, and Herbert Ross's Knowles was a good study of the butler in the bachelor ménage. The play is well produced, but the sets, particularly in the garden scene, are somewhat too large for the small stage of the theatre, and the effect is crowded.

S. W.

"SO MUCH FOR SO MUCH."

Willard Mack, in this play, which was produced at H. H. Frazee's Longacre Theatre on Friday of last week, has written an unpretentious little study of life which, judging from the reception accorded to it, should meet with no little success. It is essentially an actor's play—one might fairly call it, in no derogatory sense, theatrical—dependent upon situation rather than upon either dialogue or character. Whatever success it may enjoy will be attributable, first, to the sincerity with which the author has attempted to present on the stage, as it were, a corner of life, and, secondly, to the excellence of the cast which presents it, and particularly to the easy, unexaggerated, and absolutely faithful impersonation of a stenographer given by Miss Marjorie Rambeau.

The plot concerns the temptations which we all know are offered to girls earning their own living by a certain class of employer. That is a commonplace theme and one that has been used much too frequently. As developed by Mr. Mack, however, it is lifted out of the commonplace by the introduction of another idea of more universal implication. This, too, is an old friend, but not a commonplace one, for it is nothing less than the Greek ὕβρις and its attendant nemesis. The real point of the play is not that a working girl is subjected to temptations, but that a girl is in most danger of being overborne by them when she thinks that experience has taught her how to cope with them and that she is the equal of any situation. This idea is developed by the author, without great subtlety, but with considerable theatrical ingenuity, in tracing the relations between Mary Brennan, the hubristic young stenographer, and her employer, William Steadman. The latter is sufficiently acute to win the confidence of his worldly wise stenographer by a succession of apparently platonic courtesies and attentions, for which no return is asked. Of course, in the end, it turns out that he is like all the rest, but more patient and more subtle. The dénouement is revealed in the apartment of this subtle rogue, whither he has inveigled the girl into coming, under pretext of an attack of rheumatism and pressing business. The introduction of the girl's discarded fiancé (excellently played by Mr. Mack himself) at the opportune moment, and the complete unmasking of the rascal Steadman, is patent theatrical trickery, but it cannot be called illegitimate. A defect of the play is the abnormally lengthy exposition of the situation, which occupies a good part of the first act, and which might with advantage be cut in half. Interest begins at the moment of Miss Rambeau's entry and is sustained whenever she is on the stage.

S. W.

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"POLYGAMY."

It would be hard for one not a direct observer of the life to say how accurately Mormon conditions are set forth in "Polygamy," now running at The Playhouse. For the mere critic the action and characters of the drama are manipulated plausibly enough. The authors, Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, who achieved some success last season with "The Dummy," have selected a bit of American life which not only is picturesque, but has tragic significance. This of itself would speak well for the choice of material. But in making the play revolve around the suffering of a young devoted wife and mother, whose husband has been commanded by the Prophet to take unto himself another woman, the authors have penetrated to the centre of the emotional situation. That the husband, who shares her aversion to polygamy, contrives to escape from the consummation of the second union saves the play from actual tragedy; but tragic, too tragic in potentialities, it is from beginning to end. And therein, to our mind, lies its defect. If the "big scene," in which the first wife swoons at the bedroom door of wife the second, had been relieved by scenes of much lighter content, it might have affected the audience powerfully. But, owing to the activities of an apostate brother, who refuses to be a hypocrite, the steam-roller of Mormonism is early set to work, with the result that each act is filled with sobbing, and that the sensibility of the audience has at the end become sated.

The construction of the play, except in the sense that the "big scene" is clearly led up to, is thus not at all skilful. Part of this deficiency would be concealed, however, if there were any characters that stood out as individuals. But personal touches appear to be beyond the authors' power. The character-drawing, though not inconsistent with the framework of the theme, lacks all distinction; and it is clear that the considerable interest which the play aroused in the audience came chiefly from the sheer visualization of significant conditions, shrewdly selected.

Miss Chrystal Herne gave a satisfactory performance of the first wife, and she was well supported by William B. Mack as the brother, Ramsey Wallace as the husband, and Howard Kyle as the Prophet, who to the layman certainly looked the part.

F.

"SIGNOR PERUGINI."

The death of John Chatterton, better known by his professional name, Signor Perugini, will recall to the elder generation of playgoers a performer with as strange, eventful a history as that told in the Forest of Arden. His first public appearance was as the prize-winner in Barnum's original baby-show. That success seemed to mark him for the stage, and, having a remarkably slender frame and a gift for dancing, he donned, as a young man, the short, spangled skirts of the ballet of that period, and capered and pirouetted as a première for the delectation of the gilded youth of New York for a whole season. They showered him with flowers and jewels and love letters till his friends feared his arrest for fraud, and persuaded him to send a note to one of his most intense adorers, conveying by indirection a hint of the truth. It was this adventure which, told at a New York dinner-table one evening in the seventies, so delighted John Hay and Thomas Bailey Aldrich that each undertook to write a short story with that as a theme. The two authors had a friendly race to see who could reach the public first with his version, and both stories appeared simultaneously, one in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the other in the *Galaxy*. The hero's identity was, of course, carefully disguised, and only a small circle of readers suspected it.

Some kind patron, having discovered that Perugini had in him the making of a singer, sent him abroad for a musical education, and he appeared as a tenor in several operas without much success, but, chancing to join one minor troupe in which the prima donna was suffering from a throat trouble which sometimes attacked her in the midst of a performance, he became her understudy, and repeatedly deceived her not over-critical audiences into believing that they were listening to her, when she was merely going through the business of her part and he was supplying her missing voice from the wings. His last noteworthy effort as an actor was made as Chorus in the ingenious Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket."

VICTOR HERBERT'S "THE DEBUTANTE."

It would be interesting to know how many —or how few—operettas, or musical comedies, have been produced in this country without the aid of Harry B. Smith as the librettist, or one of the librettists. His name, together with that of Robert B. Smith, appeared, as a matter of course, on the playbill at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Monday night, when Victor Herbert's "The Débutante" had its first metropolitan hearing. It cannot be said that they produced a masterwork, either in the matter of plot or of dialogue.

No one but Victor Herbert could have built a successful operetta on so slender a basis, but he has done it. "The Débutante" has been on a prosperous tour for several months, and has been so thoroughly rehearsed in consequence that it went, at the Knickerbocker, with a swing that resulted in a great deal of applause—too much, in fact, for nearly every one of the twenty numbers was redemanded from three to five times. Not a few of these numbers are not of the best Mr. Herbert has composed, but there are several gems, conspicuous among which are a deliciously Irish song entitled "Peggy's a Creature of Moods," and a pretty waltz, "The Love of the Lorelei," both of which are sure to become drawing-room favorites. There is another song, "The Golden Age," which has one of those ravishing orchestral accompaniments for which Victor Herbert is famous. Indeed, throughout the score one feels the genius of the composer of "Natoma," who has to restrain himself not to write above the heads of operetta audiences. At the end, the composer has some fun at the expense of the Futurist or Cubist composers, by letting the orchestra indulge in pranks. There is also an effective violoncello solo played by one of the characters on the stage —a solo which recalls the fact that for some years Mr. Herbert was leading violoncellist of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in New York. The new operetta gave Hazel Dawn an opportunity of making a successful début as a star.

H. T. F.

Finance

RE-ESTABLISHING INVESTMENT MARKETS.

After eight days of open trading in bonds on the Stock Exchange, subject only to the provision that sales should not be made below a stipulated minimum price, the Exchange announced last Monday that, at the end of the present week, trading in stocks would also be resumed. This is a much more decided forward step. The committee of the Stock Exchange had hesitated to try the experiment with shares, even while reopening the bond market; their reasons being, first, that the price of bonds, with their yield to the investor fixed, could be determined by permanent intrinsic value, as the price of stocks could not, and, next, that foreign holdings of our stocks are usually quicker to be sold in a liquidating movement than are the holdings of our bonds.

The main ground for the decision to resume open trading in stocks was the visible result of the experiment with bonds. When the bond market reopened, on November 28, three possibilities existed. There might have been no purchases, which would have proved that investors were not willing to buy except at prices below the arbitrary minimum. Or prices might have advanced above that minimum and then have been beaten down to it again—showing that heavy liquidating orders overhung the market. Or prices, having opened at or above the stipulated minimum level, might have advanced continuously and maintained their gains.

This third possibility was what came to pass in the week of open trading. Practically all bonds opened above the official minimum price; most of them gradually moved up to a level a point or more above their opening figures; some of them rose four or five per cent. All this occurred on undoubted investment buying, and with transactions ranging from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 daily. In the meantime, a very restricted market for stocks, not conducted openly on the floor of the Exchange, but privately, under the direct control of the committee, had presented the rather surprising picture of a very large proportion of the active shares selling at higher prices than they brought on July 30, just before the Stock Exchange closed its doors.

Under such circumstances, it was clearly time to extend the facilities for open trading in all classes of investment issues. It was recognized by observant financiers to be from every point of view desirable that the Stock Exchange should extend its present tentative arrangements, as soon as was reasonably warranted, to the status of a free and open market. Naturally, this does not mean that unrestricted trading ought immediately to be adopted, and "minimum prices" abandoned. The Stock Exchange authorities and the financial community are still testing the actual character of a com-

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plicated financial situation, whose outcome in relation to the markets, whether immediate or ultimate, is marked out by no clear precedent in financial history.

That test has not yet been long enough pursued to establish positive conclusions. But the very purpose which inspires it infers that the testing process must be progressive, and must move forward step by step in the direction of normal conditions of investment trading. The one unquestionable fact is that, sooner or later, an unrestricted open market must be restored. If extensive European liquidation of American securities is inevitable, we shall sooner or later have to meet it. Indeed, there is some force in the argument that, in so far as absorption of foreign capital in the war loans is bound to be an influence on such realizing sales, it may be better to accept the situation in the earlier rather than the later stages of the long-term borrowing by the European Powers.

All this the Stock Exchange authorities unquestionably recognize, and it is now apparent that they are taking successive forward steps with such general facts in view. The time and manner in which each successive action in this direction will be taken must in the nature of things depend on the result of the preceding extension of facilities. Thus far, it is agreed on all hands that the preliminary test which began on November 28 has thrown most encouraging light on the general position of affairs. Whatever reservation of judgment may be made, in view of the restrictions on permitted prices, the salient fact remains that the bond market has been unquestionably strong, that a very respectable volume of genuine investment buying has been witnessed daily, and that neither in bonds nor stocks has there been any evidence of a tendency to press on the minimum price level.

These reassuring facts are naturally ascribed in Wall Street to such other visible evidence of return to normal as the extinction of the loan certificates and the rapid retirement of emergency banknote issues. Yet such unofficial trading as has occurred, even at London, has lately presented similar signs of cheerfulness, and it is not unreasonable to ask whether the week's security markets have not also been reflecting a more favorable view of the situation in the war itself.

It will not have been forgotten how in August, even with the Stock Exchange shut down completely, all other markets whose action could reflect the inferences from the course of the campaign moved adversely during the German advance on Paris. The adverse movement at that time of foreign exchange, for instance, was admitted by every one to mean that the German advance foreshadowed very prolonged and stubborn war. The retreat of the German armies from the Marne was similarly accompanied by an immediate turn in foreign exchange rate in the direction of a normal basis, as well as by a fall in wheat. It is not by any means impossible that the developments on the recent market for securities may have reflected inferences, from the recent military news, that events such as would promise shortening of the war are now in progress.

A rather prevalent Wall Street theory, that the fortunes of the investment market will depend on the nature of the Interstate Commerce Commission's forthcoming rate decision, must be judged in the light of these other facts. The feeling as to that decision is entirely natural. There are certainly, in the existing situation, very strong reasons for the granting of higher rates, both to offset the difficulties of the market for new securities, and to avert, so far as possible, such unfavorable judgment of our railways' earning power as might tend, at this critical juncture, to stimulate foreign realizing or discourage fresh home investment. Reasonable concessions would do much to emphasize the present drift towards real financial hopefulness. But the larger influences, unfolding on the Continent of Europe, will remain.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bazin, René. Those of His Own Household. Devin-Adair Company.
Carroll, P. J. Round About Home. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria. $1 net.
Gibbs, Philip. Beauty and Nick. Devin-Adair Co. $1.35 net.
Gray, Phœbe. Little Sir Galahad. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Hamilton, Helen. My Husband Still. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hobson, H. M. The Comrade of Navarre. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.
Houston, M. B. The Little Straw Wife. The H. K. Fly Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bentwich, Norman. Josephus. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Connolly, Louise. The Educational Value of Museums. Newark: Museum Association.
Neal, Robert W. Short Stories in the Making. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Speech-Spring. (Vol. LX.) Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. Oxford University Press. $1.25.
O'Malley, A. Keystones of Thought. Devin-Adair Co.
Parsons, E. C. Fear and Conventionality. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Routledge's New English Dictionary. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Stratton, Mary. Bruges. Scribner.
Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels. Edited by E. K. Robinson. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Underwood, J. C. Literature and Insurgency. Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.
Year Book of the Viking Society for Northern Research, University of London, 2s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bosanquet, Helen. Social Work in London. Dutton. $3 net.
Carre, H. B. Paul's Doctrine of Redemption. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Clark, Henry W. Liberal Orthodoxy. Scribner.
Cobb, Rev. W. F. Spiritual Healing. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Barron, C. W. The Federal Reserve Act. Mass. Boston News Bureau Co.
Tittoni, Senator Tommaso. Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net.
Williams, J. F. Proportional Representation and British Politics. Duffield.
Willis, Bailey (Director). Northern Patagonia: Character and Resources. Ministry of Public Works, Argentine Republic. Vol I. Text and Maps. Scribner.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Benjamin, S. G. W. The Life and Adventures of a Free Lance. Burlington, Vt.: Free Press Co.
Small, W. H. Early New England Schools. Boston: Ginn. $2 net.
Smith, A. Dreamthorp. Pocket Edition. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Stoddard, T. L. The French Revolution in San Domingo. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
The Kaiser. Edited by Asa Don Dickinson. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
The Real Kaiser. Anonymous. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
The Training of a Sovereign. Edited by Viscount Esher. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.

TRAVEL.

An Official Guide to Eastern Asia. Vols. I, II, and III. Prepared by the Imperial Japanese Government Railways. Yokohama, Japan: Messrs. Kelly & Walsh.
Barrett, M. Rambles in Catholic Lands. Benziger Brothers. $2 net.
Esquemeling, J. The Buccaneers of America. Stokes. $2 net.
Fraser, Mrs. H., and H. C. Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

POETRY.

Bowman, J. C. The Gift of White Roses. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Foley, James W. Tales of the Trail. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Kauffman, R. W. Little Old Belgium. Philadelphia: H. Altemus Co. 50 cents net.
MacKaye, Percy. The Present Hour. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Malone, Walter. Hernando De Soto. Putnam. $5 net.
Stott, R. G. The Man Sings. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1 net.
Tainter, L. M. A Caravel of Dreams. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Hornaday, W. Wild Life Conservation in Theory and Practice. Yale University Press. $1.50 net.
Hunter, G. W. A Civic Biology. American Book Company.
Jacoby, G. Q. Child Training as an Exact Science. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Reeves, Edith. Care and Education of Crippled Children in the United States. Survey Associates, Inc. $2.
Van Kleeck, Mary. Working Girls in Evening Schools. Russell Sage Foundation. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50 net.
Whitman, Roger B. Motor-Cycle Principles and the Light Car. Appleton. $1.50 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Burton, Richard. How to See a Play. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Carman, B., and King, M. P. Earth Deities. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Hagedorn, Hermann. Makers of Madness. Macmillan. $1 net.
Howe, M. A. DeW. The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

ART.

Die Bronzen der Sammlung Loeb. Herausgegeben von Johannes Sieveking. Munich, Germany.
Some French Cathedrals. The Times Series. Dutton. 50 cents net.
Thiis, Jens. Leonardo Da Vinci. Boston: Small, Mayard & Co. $12 net.
Valentiner, W. R. The Art of the Low Countries. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

JUVENILE.

Banks, H. W. The Boy's Motley. Stokes.
Beard, A. B. The Beard Animals. Stokes. $1 net.
Lang, A. The All Sorts of Stories Book. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Land, A. The Crimson Fairy Book. Longmans, Green. $1 net.
Mille, William C. de. The Forest King. Doran. $2 net.

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Warren, C. F. Little Chick Chickadee. Philadelphia: David McKay. 75 cents net.
Wooley, L. T. Faith Palmer in New York. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co. $1 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bazin, R. Le Blé qui Lève. Holt.
Fowler, F. E. Smithsonian Physical Tables. Sixth revised edition. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Snyder, W. H. First Year Science. Allyn & Bacon.
Vos, B. J. Grundzüge der deutschen Grammatik. Holt.
Wayland, John W. How to Teach American History. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Wildenbruch, Ernest von. Das edle Blut. Edited by A. K. Hardy. Holt.
Wright, Joseph and E. M. Old English Grammar. Second edition. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

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